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### Production Thesis of the Trojan Woman

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*Fort Hays Kansas State College*

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Fort Hays State College  
Speech Department  
presents

# The Trojan Women

by Euripides

Hays High School Auditorium  
8 p.m., July 15, 1960

A PRODUCTION THESIS OF THE TROJAN WOMEN

being

A thesis presented to the Graduate Faculty  
of the Fort Hays Kansas State College in  
partial fulfillment of the requirements for  
the Degree of Master of Science

by

Robert Lee Phillips, A. B.

Fort Hays Kansas State College

Date

July 25, 1960

Approved

James R. Hart  
Major Professor

Ralph V. Coder  
Chairman Graduate Council

## ABSTRACT

Thesis title: A Production Thesis of The Trojan Women by Euripides.

Problem: The purpose of this creative production thesis in Speech was to test the understanding and knowledge of the graduate student who is specializing in acting and directing. It gave him the opportunity to utilize his training in regard to play production by actually designing and directing a full-length period play for public performance.

Procedures: Two months before the Summer Session 1960 had begun, the director began to study translations of The Trojan Women by Gilbert Murray and Richard Lattimore. Both translations were found in The Complete Greek Drama by Whitney J. Oates and Eugene O'Neill, Jr. However, Mr. Murray's selection was found in the third printing and Mr. Lattimore's selection was found in the fourteenth printing. Upon careful consideration of the magnitude of the play and the probable inexperience of the actors, the director selected the later translation by Richard Lattimore of Bryn Mawr College and The University of Chicago.

During the first week of summer school the director obtained a cast by open tryouts and personal interview. Several letters had been previously sent to prospective cast members in the hope of obtaining the most experienced people possible. On June 10, 1960, open tryouts and interviews were



concluded and the cast was announced.

Prior to the actual production of the play the director wrote a bibliographical essay entitled Production and Direction of a Classical Greek Play: A Survey of Literature. This essay was invaluable to the director as a basis for devising plans and ideas for The Trojan Women.

Concluding the bibliographical essay, the director proceeded to study the life and accomplishments of the playwright, Euripides. This study revealed that Euripides was the free-thinker of his time and that he constantly criticized social customs and military practices. It is his criticism of the military that helps make The Trojan Women a powerful production.

All of the background work was now accomplished and the director turned to the actual blocking of the play, analysis of the characters, the designing and lighting of the setting, the costuming of the actors, and the forming of the critical evaluations. Following the critical evaluations were photographs of the play and posters, photostatic copies of stories and reviews, and the program.

Results: On July 15, 1960, the public performance of The Trojan Women was presented at Hays High Auditorium.

It was felt that the spirit and purpose of the playwright was faithfully portrayed. The cast worked in close harmony with each other, and the lighting and sound effects were well integrated with the setting and mood of the play.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
ACKNOWLEDGMENT . . . . .	1
I. ANALYSIS OF THE SCRIPT . . . . .	1
II. DESIGNING THE PLAY . . . . .	13
III. LIGHTING THE SETTING . . . . .	18
IV. COSTUMING THE PLAY . . . . .	22
V. CRITICAL EVALUATIONS . . . . .	29
APPENDIX . . . . .	37
A. The Director's Script . . . . .	40
B. Photographs of the play . . . . .	77
C. Photostatic copies of stories and reviews . . . . .	87
D. Photographs of posters . . . . .	92
E. The program . . . . .	99

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Statement of acknowledgment. I would like to express my indebtedness and appreciation to Professor Harriet V. Ketchum of Fort Hays State College, Professor Thelma R. Morreale of Baker University, and Dr. Karl C. Bruder of Kansas State Teachers College at Emporia, for the sharing of their knowledge and wisdom of play production which I consider invaluable.

Also, I would like to thank the cast and crew which made this production a reality by giving hours of energy and time in rehearsals, construction, painting, and all of the various jobs necessary in producing a play. All of their cooperation and help was greatly appreciated.

## PREFACE

Statement of purpose. In this thesis is presented the story of Euripides' play, The Trojan Women, which was performed on July 15, 1960, at Hays High School Auditorium. The content is not intended to be a textbook on how to produce a play. Instead, it tells of how the play came to be through background planning and research, analysis of the script and casting, designing, lighting, and costuming by the director.

The writer wishes to state that prior to the actual production of the play, he wrote a bibliographical essay entitled

Production and Direction of a Classical Greek Play: A Survey of Literature. This essay, and the many hours of research that formed it, was considered invaluable to the director as a basis for devising plans and ideas for The Trojan Women.

This production was designed and directed as a creative production thesis in Speech. This type of thesis is considered useful and advantageous to the graduate student who is specializing in acting and directing. It gives him the opportunity to utilize and test his understanding and know-how in regard to play production by actually designing and directing a full-length play for public performance.

## CHAPTER I

### ANALYSIS OF THE SCRIPT

Knowledge of the playwright. The writer feels that prior to any work or analysis of a script, a thorough study of the playwright needs to be accomplished.

Euripides was born on the island of Salamis about 480 B.C. His early life was marked by constant training as an athlete for local athletic games. At the age of eighteen, he began writing tragedy; but, he did not succeed in producing until several years later.

Euripides' plays were not well received in Athens due to his independence and free-thinking. He wrote over eighty-eight realistic plays all of which contained revolutionary ideas and contempt for mere popular acclaim. Social customs and military practices were often damned by Euripides and in The Trojan Women we find that he is angered and ashamed of the Greeks for their slaughter of helpless women and children.

The plays of Euripides are profuse with melodramatic qualities. He desires to thrill and shock his audience into thinking for themselves. Violent action is often portrayed on the stage. However, in The Trojan Women he tends to soften the bizarre details through choral announcements and character proclamations. Exploitation of the sentimental and of the



melodramatic is perhaps the greatest marked characteristic of Euripides.

The reduction of the importance of the chorus is also a marked convention of Euripides. The chorus is relegated almost to entre' acte' music. The result is the bringing of the actors into greater prominence and the development of more complicated dramatic action.

Euripides has been criticized for the constructing of plots wherein the events do not follow in logical order of cause and result. Modern standards of unity would make his plays appear weak in this sense, however, we must remember that the form of a play is determined by the subject matter and the purpose of the author. The Trojan Women is a powerful series of debates in which Euripides launches an effective attack against his own countrymen and their imperialism. It is easy to see throughout the entire play that Euripides has sacrificed form to purpose.<sup>1</sup>

Selection of script. The director did not have a difficult time choosing the script of The Trojan Women. The entire play is a stark and unrelieved production of great power, a play in which choral drama and the skill of Euripides' words are seen at their best. The futility of war and the

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1. Harsh, Philip Whaley. A Handbook of Classical Drama. (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1944) pp. 156-163.

suffering that it causes is paramount from beginning to end. We see that by victory the Greeks really achieve only their own annihilation. Throughout the play we see the women, one after another, being placed in a series of harrowing scenes. Euripides shows us through this simple technique that the anguish and sacrifices of these women and children, due to war, are essentially pertinent to the ultimate downfall of the conquering nation itself.

There is a certain unity to The Trojan Women caused by the skillful techniques of Euripides. First of these are the continuous presence of Hecuba on stage throughout the play and the several appearances of Talthybius. The miseries of Hecuba and her scenes with Cassandra and Andromache tend to knit the action together. Finally, the scene between Menelaus and Helen which is bracketed by the scenes dealing with Astyanax, contributes to the play's most interesting features.

A special technique of Euripides' is utilized when he expresses his own thoughts through the words of Hecuba, the protagonist. At the beginning of the first act we find that Hecuba utters a cry to the futility of resistance by the women of Troy when she states:

Rise stricken head, from the dust; lift up the throat.  
This is Troy, but Troy and we, Troy's kings, are perished.  
Stoop to the changing fortune. What need I further for  
tears' occasion, state perished, my sons, and my husband.

Another example is when Talthybius, a kindly lieutenant in the Greek army, states the accepted idea of fortunes of war when he says:

Let it happen this way. It will be wiser in the end. Do not fight it. Take your grief as you were born to take it, give up the struggle where your strength is feebleness with no force anywhere to help. Listen to me! Your city is gone, your husband. You are in our power. How can one woman hope to struggle against the armies of Greece. Think, then. Give up the passionate contest. This will bring no shame.

The Trojan Women utilizes continual action during every scene with Hecuba and her relations with other characters. However, there is only one instance where even an appearance of satisfaction for Hecuba's wrongs is presented. This is the scene with Helen in the third act. In the prologue we have been told that Helen is within and that she is considered a prisoner of war. Over and over again she is declared to be the cause of the war and a disgrace to Greece. Helen is brought forth to Menelaus and during the debate that follows, Hecuba is successful in condemning her as the primary cause of everything. Menelaus admits that Helen must have gone with Paris of her own free-will and substantiates the theory that one shameless woman has caused the war and all its tragedy.

#### SYNOPSIS OF THE ACTS

Act One. The first act presents the prologue declaration by Poseidon, the god of the sea. He states all of the



background history of the Trojan War and sets the scene for the audience. Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, enters and begs Poseidon to help her punish the Greeks for committing sacrilege on her altar in Troy. The prologue concludes with Poseidon agreeing with Pallas Athene that the Greeks must be punished for their barbaric cruelty. The god of the sea declares that he will conjure up a terrible storm to drown most of the Greeks as they set sail for home.

A trumpet sounds shortly thereafter and Talthybius, a young Greek Lieutenant, enters and announces to Hecuba and the remaining women of Troy their several fates. He is interrupted by the appearance of a crazed Cassandra, daughter of Hecuba and a vestal virgin. She has been raped on the altar of Pallas Athene by a Greek officer and has also been informed that she is to become a slave to Agamemnon, a great warrior. Through her ironic revelations, Cassandra foretells the death of her new master by her own hands, and that the Trojans will not have died in vain. In a moment of mad joy she tears the god's adornments from her body and laments the loss of her family. She is carried away by the soldiers as a prize of war and Hecuba ends the act in a long speech of lamentation over their fates.

Act Two. The second act finds Andromache, the wife of the slain Trojan hero, Hector, and her small son, Astyanax, being brought onto the scene to share laments with Hecuba.

Andromache reviews her past life of faithfulness and devotion to Hecuba's slain son, Hector. She tells the Queen that Polyxena has been killed over the tomb of the Trojan warrior, Achilles, and that she, herself, prefers to die than to be a slave to another man. A spirit of hope seems to abound in the small child, Astyanax, when a trumpet sounds and Talthylus enters announcing to Hecuba and Andromache that the child of Hector must be killed and left unburied by the Greeks as an example to all the world. The great bitterness and sadness that follows is extremely appealing as Andromache delivers her pathetic farewell to her small son. The act concludes with Hecuba comforting the bereaved mother by lamenting with her.

Act Three. The third act begins with the bitter scene between Helen and Hecuba. Menelaus, King of Sparta and husband to Helen, appears and insists that he came to Troy not for his wife who deserves to die, but to take revenge on the man who captivated Helen and betrayed his hospitality. Hecuba begs Menelaus to allow her to act as the prosecution in the case against Helen. Menelaus agrees and the debate begins. Helen, using all of her womanly charms, desperately tries to blame Hecuba's son, Paris, for stealing her away. Failing at this approach, Helen suggests to Menelaus that he try to be more powerful than the gods and not kill her, but allow her to return to him as his wife.

Hecuba steps forth at the conclusion of Helen's speech and bitterly calls her a liar of the worst sort. She defends her son, Paris, by saying that Helen's senses were aroused at the splendor of his robes and riches and that she would do anything to gain power and position. Hecuba proceeds to tell Menelaus that Helen has come forth dressed only to influence him to forgive her and that she is incapable of ever loving anyone as a wife. Menelaus admits that Hecuba is right and condemns Helen to an inglorious death in Greece. Helen crawls to Menelaus for mercy, but is roughly taken away by soldiers and put aboard ship.

Talthybius enters with the body of Astyanax placed upon Hector's shield. He reveals pity for Hecuba and the other women by stating that he does not have the heart to leave the child unburied. He implores Hecuba to give libation and last rites to the child and that he will bury the son of Hector in a proper manner. Talthybius then orders the soldiers to set fire to the remainder of the city and leaves the stage. Hecuba and the women give a pathetic farewell to the child and cover the body and shield with robes. The soldiers reappear and carry the corpse away and the play ends with Hecuba and the women being led to their new masters.

## CASTING OF THE PLAY

Selecting a cast. Obtaining a cast for a play involves problems of personal contact through letters and visitations. The director forwarded many letters to people in the Hays area who had an interest in drama. This was done several weeks prior to open tryouts. Many persons were visualized for the cast by the director as a result of past associations and performances. For example, a housewife who lived in Ellis, Kansas, was contacted due to her past speech and drama experiences at Fort Hays State College. She was anxious to work in a classic production like The Trojan Women and after reading the script was given the part of Pallas Athene in the prologue.

The above system was not without its disappointments. One outstanding actress that the director knew a great deal about was unable to participate in the play due to her college class load and financial problems.

Following the letter and visitation system set up by the director, personal interview was the next step in selecting a cast. Only two afternoon sessions of open tryouts were held at Picken Hall on the Fort Hays campus.

Poster announcements of tryouts were placed at important areas of the Speech and English departments and others were placed on bulletin boards in Forsyth Library, Rarick Hall and the Memorial Union.

During the open tryouts the director utilized a black-board to give the prospective cast members a clearer picture of the play and its conventions. A question and answer period was conducted as well as a brief lesson in Greek history. The final phase of discussion involved time, dates, and areas of rehearsals for the production. On June 10, 1960, open tryouts were concluded and the cast was announced.

The cast of The Trojan Women consists of four men and five women in principal parts, and several more as Greek soldiers and members of the chorus. Due to the multiple schedules and courses of the summer session, the director was forced to work with a chorus of only four women. However, these four women gave an excellent accounting of themselves. All of the characters in this play are quite essential and each part affords an actor ample acting opportunity.

The director's conception of each of the principal characters in The Trojan Women is as follows:

Poseidon - (Elderly god over the sea) is very powerful and a brother of Zeus, king of the gods. A pact is formed by him and Athene that will produce a disastrous storm for the Greek's return home by the sea.

Pallas Athene- (Goddess of wisdom and beauty) changes her mind about punishing the Trojans and wishes only to harass the Greeks for their sacrilege; - the raping of Cassandra on her sacred altars.

Hecuba - (Priam's wife and Queen Mother of Troy) is the protagonist of the play. Her nobility lies with the fact that she realizes the flaws of her husband and warrior sons. She is aware of Paris taking Helen away from Menelaus and she recognizes this as wrong. Euripides gives her great depth of character and courage as she accepts her fate, and her stately presence is felt throughout the entire action.

Cassandra - (Apollo's vestal virgin and daughter of Hecuba) is seen at her first appearance in a state of shock from being criminally attacked on the protecting altar of Pallas Athene. She is given to the Greek warrior, Agamemnon, as his prize of war and through her powers of prophesy, she foretells the future doom of the Greeks.

Andromache - (Wife of the dead Trojan hero, Hector) is seen from her lines to be a devoted, faithful wife to her dead husband. Astyanax, her small son, is with her throughout the action. Euripides places Andromache in the play as a direct contrast to Helen, who is utterly faithless.

Astyanax - (Small son of Hector and Andromache) is the image of his heroic father. Strong, muscular, and regal looking, he is ordered slain by the Greeks only because he is his father's son.

Menelaus - (King of Sparta and husband to Helen) is a strong warrior who almost reluctantly seeks revenge on his wife,

Helen of Troy. He cannot keep Helen alive because of his army's resentment over the loss of lives and the ten long years of war that she caused.

Helen - (Wife of Menelaus and the cause of the Trojan War) is sensually beautiful and charming. She is incapable of true love or fidelity and her immoral decision to leave her husband for a lover costs thousands of lives.

Cast limitations. Every director who works either in high school or college productions knows that a great problem always facing him will be the basic inexperience of his students. It is virtually impossible to present a play with a perfect cast. There habitually seems to be one or more "weak links" in the people acting out the parts.

The director of The Trojan Women was no exception. Five cast members were given parts with certain limitations known to the director. Inexperience and nervousness comprised the main part of these limitations. One girl had a problem of voice inflection. Her sentences always ended in an upward pitch. The director spent several hours working with her and developing her confidence. Several of the girls had never spoken before as a choral group. This problem was also handled by extra rehearsals.

Many of the actors were disturbed by having to project their voices in the broad classic manner and had to be constantly



reminded to think of what they were saying. The power of the dramatic pause was also disturbing to them. The director had to conduct proper breathing exercises and voice control exercises to help overcome this problem. Although it is not a good practice, rehearsals had to be stopped at times for the director to move forward and show them exactly how to say something and how to move gracefully on the stage. However, this was only a last resort technique employed by the director.

The director feels that the greatest difficulty with inexperienced actors and even those with some experience in a Greek tragedy, is their apparent inability to think of the true meaning of the lines and let themselves go in the part.



## CHAPTER II

### DESIGNING THE PLAY

Statement of procedure. After the director chooses the script, he is then free to design the play. This process includes the set design, props, lighting, costumes, and make-up. The type of play will influence the design of the set, style in which it is being presented, and the director's interpretation of the play. The Trojan Women was designed in realistic terms as the director wished to enhance the tragic words of the characters. A somber spirit was presented throughout all of the action.

One of the foremost features of the script that influenced the design of the play was the complete suffering and agony experienced by Hecuba and her family. The director believed that Euripides' vivid words could be enhanced only by stark realism.

The second reason for the prevailing realism in the play was the director's personal feeling from military experience, that the citizen of America today finds it too easy to forget the horrors of suffering and death caused by war.

After the design of the play was finally decided upon, the director found that the setting at times departed from the original concepts of classical Greek drama. Modern flats were

used to represent the walls of Troy and suggest a massive fortress. These flats covered a great deal of the stage and reduced the acting area somewhat. Practically all entrances and exits by the actors were made from stage right or stage left instead of the three upstage doorways utilized by the Greeks. A crude shelter was also attached to the walls to suggest a resting place for the women of Troy.

The remainder of the setting conformed to original standards in that a raised platform for the deities was used to suggest their unique positions and power over the common man, set pieces of columns and benches were placed at appropriate areas, and painted scenery was employed in the background.

The writer wishes to state that he did everything possible to conform closely to original Greek conventions without baffling his contemporary audience. However, with the modern stage equipment that was available, the director feels that the overall production was enhanced and presented more effectively.

An important quality to determine in any play is its dramatic line. This is a psychological element which helps to establish the mood of the play and keep unity in the type of acting and the technical part of the production. The most common lines of the realistic play are the horizontal line and vertical line.

The horizontal line suggests earthiness and peace while the vertical line symbolizes turbulence and unrest. Through

the raised platform of the gods and the painted backdrop scene, the director presented horizontal lines. Vertical lines were suggested by column set pieces, the edge of the walls of Troy, and the long painted cracks that appeared on the walls. Unrest and turbulence were also projected through the top half of the painted backdrop which showed flames and smoke burning the city, and through the use of dimmers and red stage lighting as a technical effect in Act Three. Both the peaceful horizontal and turbulent vertical lines seemed coherent to the director for The Trojan Women.

After the lines of the play had been decided upon, the director proceeded to establish the basic colors of the setting. This is another subjective aspect which helps to establish the proper mood since different colors are known to produce certain emotional effects. The predominate colors utilized in The Trojan Women were grays, blues, and black. These were decided upon as the blues suggested a feeling of richness and seriousness while the grays projected a spirit of massiveness and somberness. Black helped present the mood of death, destruction, and mourning.

The complete effect which the director wished to establish with the setting was a feeling of tragic chaos. This was partially accomplished by the setting as it presented an open space before the city of Troy which was visible in the background, partly demolished and smoldering.

During the summer school session it is especially difficult for the director to also supervise the constructing and painting of the setting because of time limitations while he is directing the cast.

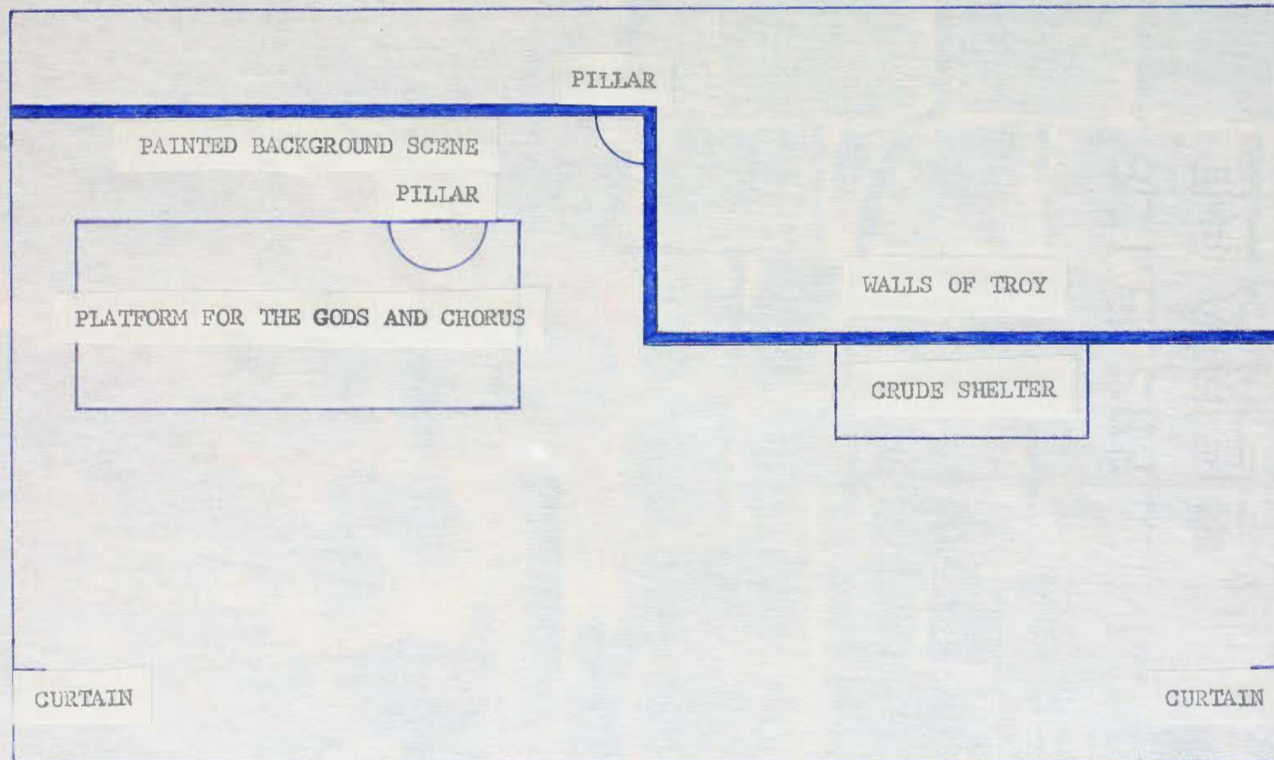
For this reason, interested students were contacted and hired by the director to build the entire set. Construction work was under the supervision of Rex Mahan, a member of the cast, and his assistant, Lynn Wickizer. Both men were experienced stage workers and had previously built sets for college productions.

The director assembled his crew chiefs in a special meeting and showed them exactly what he wanted. The first working dates were established and other tentative problems were discussed.

The set construction would be started no later than the week of July 5, 1960, and would be finished no later than July 12, 1960. These dates were decided upon in order to give the cast of The Trojan Women sufficient time in which to become accustomed to their new surroundings. However, supplies such as paints, lumber, nails, and tools, could be taken to the Hays High Auditorium at an earlier date.

On July 12, 1960, the complete set for The Trojan Women was finished by the stage crew and ready for usage by the cast. The director found that the initiative shown by the stage crew, especially Rex Mahan, resulted in an excellent set.

SET DESIGN  
FOR  
THE TROJAN WOMEN



SCALE:  $3/16" = 1'$







## CHAPTER III

### LIGHTING THE SETTING

Equipment available. Once the director had selected the play, chosen his cast, and designed the set, he was then ready to develop the stage lighting to his own particular style of production. It was found that a satisfactory supply of modern lighting equipment was available for the presentation of The Trojan Women.

Hays High School Auditorium contains three overhead pipe battens full of lights located just before border curtains number two, three, and four. The twenty-five foot by forty foot stage area also contains an overhead batten containing Fresnel spot lights for specific lighting just before border curtain number one. Adjustable balcony Leko spot lights are also available for specific illumination. The director found two portable Olivettes, or wing lights, that were in working condition as well.

A master control board is located near the stage right area which is convenient for viewing of cues by the operator. This board contains a full dimmer system that can be utilized by master control which locks all circuits together under one switch, or circuits may be handled manually or individually.

Since the primary function of stage lighting is to aid the actor and enhance the mood of the play, the director utilized the standard techniques of lighting the setting and actors.

This technique means that the border lights were used for general lighting effects, with the exception of the red lights in act three, while the Fresnel spotlights and balcony Leko spotlights were placed in conjunction with each other for specific lighting purposes.

A "hot" or specific spotlight was focused in with a "cool" or general spotlight upon a certain area and the result was the prevention of uncomplimentary shadows from falling across the actors' faces.

The above technique was applied to lighting the primary acting areas in The Trojan Women. These particular areas were the upstage right platform area for the gods and chorus, the upstage left area for the crude shelter against the walls of Troy which housed the women, and the downstage center area for Hecuba and her debates with Cassandra, Andromache, and Helen.

Secondary passage ways like the downstage right, upstage center, and downstage left areas, were also lighted throughout the production.

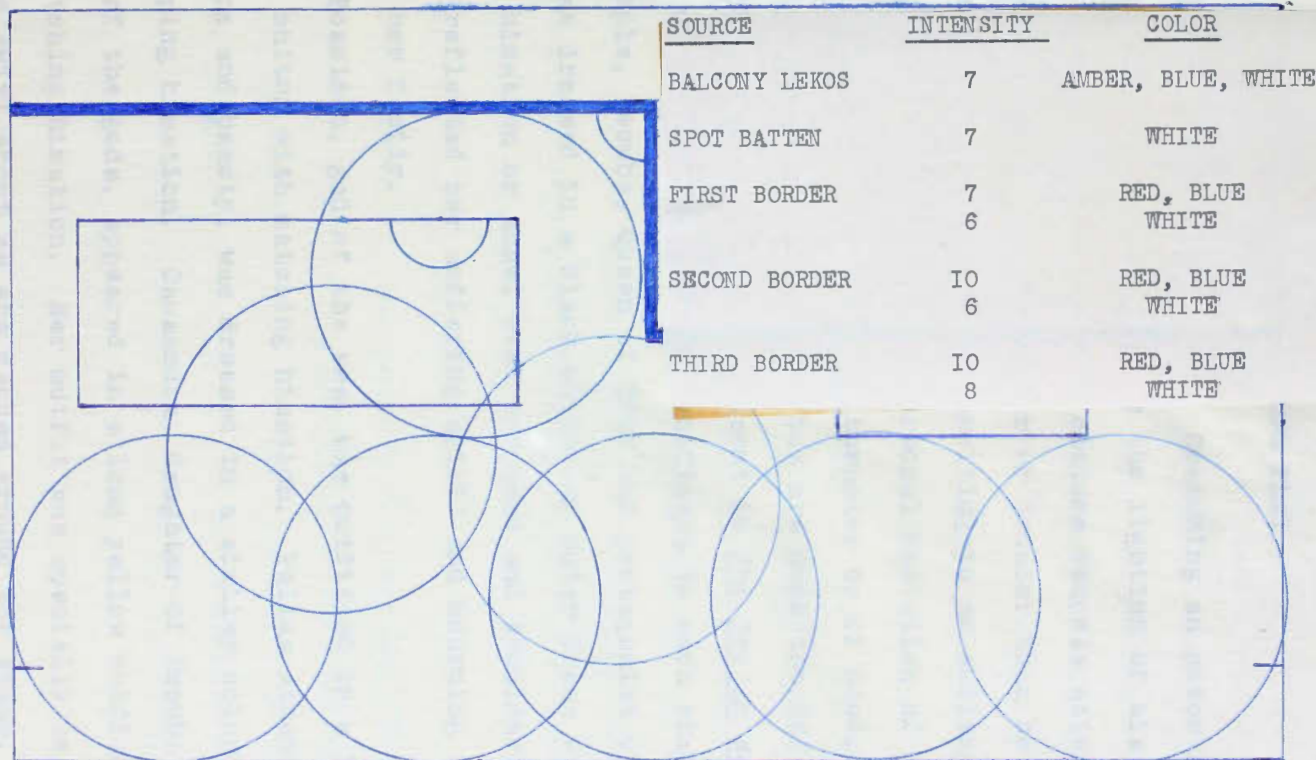
Besides the primary and secondary lighting of The Trojan Women, the director produced an interesting special



lighting effect at the end of act three when the burning of the city of Troy was represented by red border lights coming up slowly on master dimmer control. These lights were at full brightness just as the last lines of the play were uttered.

All lighting throughout the play was supervised by the director and Mr. Mahan, the stage crew chief. The director feels that the stage lighting for The Trojan Women gave the audience an adequate view of the actors and the setting. He also believes that the lighting was effective in creating a proper mood to coincide with the powerful words of the playwright.

LIGHT PLOT  
FOR  
THE TROJAN WOMEN



## CHAPTER IV

### COSTUMING THE PLAY

Statement of procedures. Costuming an actor is just as important in a period play as the lighting of his appearance on stage. A well designed costume compels attention and makes the actor appear taller or broader than he really is. The swirl of a cape is as exciting to an audience as the drawing of a sword. Each personal variation of dress springs from some deviation of character or of mood, differences that may be insignificant but are none the less important.

The director tried to present in The Trojan Women a variety of styles and colors significant to each character. For example, Hecuba, Queen of Troy and protagonist of the play, was dressed in a black chiton or outer dress with a long draping himation or shawl over her head and shoulders. This costume reflected her suffering spirit and mourning for the loss of her family.

Poseidon, god of the sea, was outfitted in a long rose colored chiton with matching himation. Pallas Athene, goddess of wisdom and beauty, was dressed in a similar colored chiton and draping himation. Cassandra, daughter of Hecuba and vestal virgin of the gods, appeared in a long yellow chiffon chiton with matching himation. Her outfit was specially selected in order to swirl about as she danced around the stage.

Andromache, wife of the dead Trojan hero, Hector, appeared in a light green chiton with a dark colored himation draped over her head and shoulders. Astyanax, her small son, wore only a light blue chiton and no shoes. King Menelaus wore a regal looking lavender chiton with matching chalamys or cape. A splendid war helmet with plumes adorned his head. Talthybius, a young Greek officer, was outfitted in a blue colored chiton with matching chalamys and as an officer, he also wore a helmet with plumes. King Menelaus and Talthybius carried fancy swords at their sides to further delineate their positions. All of the soldiers wore short bergundy colored chitons with chest armor. They carried shields and spears throughout the play. Lastly, the chorus was outfitted in light blue chiton with dark blue chalamys fastened and draped around their shoulders. Identical head bands were worn to help achieve the effect of complete uniformity.

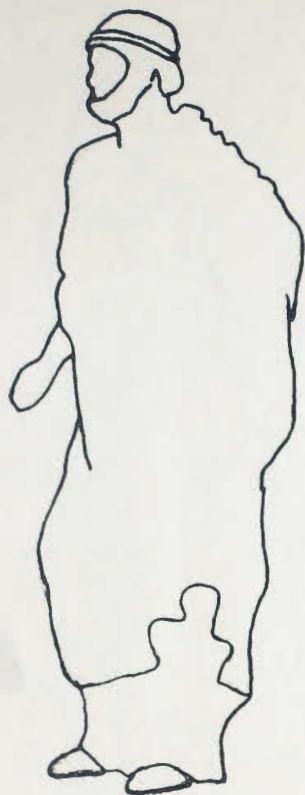
All research for the above listed costumes was conducted in Historic Costumes for the Stage by Lucy Barton and The Mode in Costume by R. Turner Wilcox. These two excellent references are referred to in the writer's bibliographical essay entitled Production and Direction of a Classical Greek Play: A Survey of Literature.

Several costumes from the college costume room were able to be utilized for The Trojan Women by dyeing colors or adding

parts where needed. Extra material was purchased in order to alter the appearance of old costumes and add uniformity to the cast. The director feels fortunate in having been able to use many of the women's costumes from another Greek play that was presented previously on the campus. However, a serious shortage of appropriate men's costumes existed.

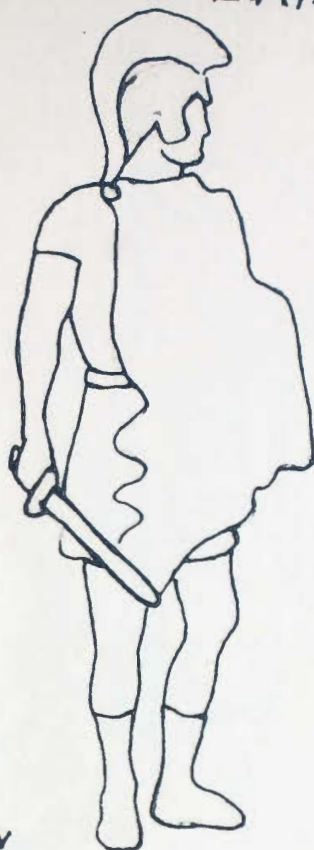
The director contacted the Colorado Costume Company located in Denver, Colorado, and they were able to supply all uniforms and arms for the soldiers as well as complete outfits for the officers. A white beard and skull cap was provided for Poseidon as well as vestal virgin garments for Cassandra. The director of The Trojan Women feels qualified to state that the above listed firm is a reliable supplier of costumes at a moderate cost. The entire costuming fee for the play was only fifty-eight dollars.

LONG CHITON  
AND HIMATION



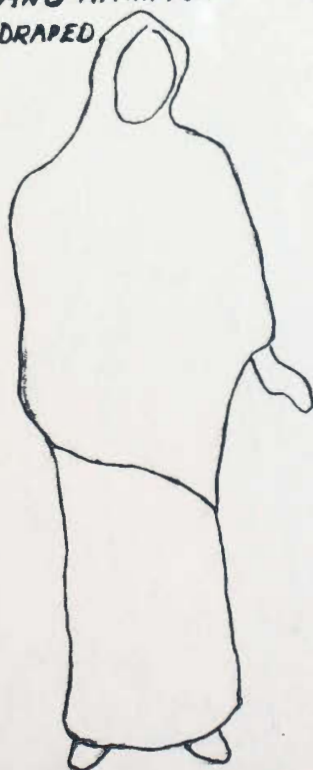
POSEIDON

SHORT CHITON  
AND CHALAMYS



TALTHYBIUS

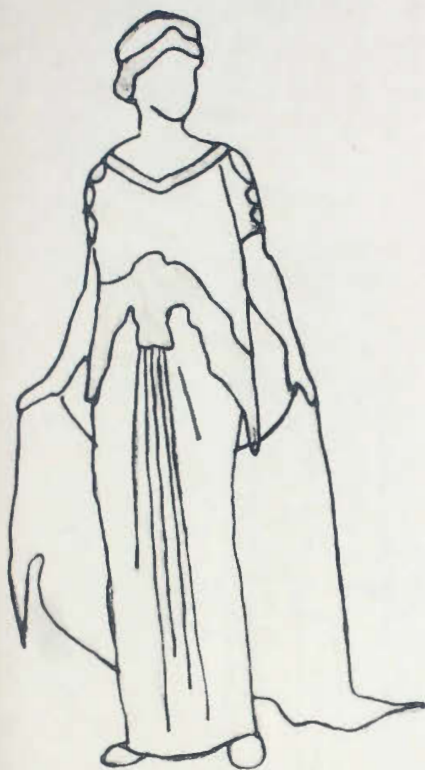
LONG CHITON  
AND HIMATION  
DRAPED



HECUBA



LONG CHITON

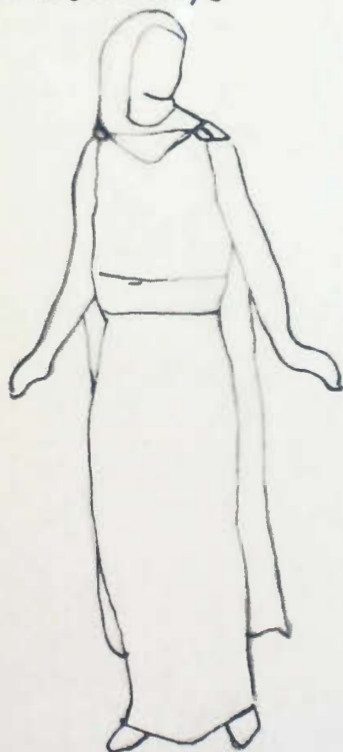


CASSANDRA



MENELAUS

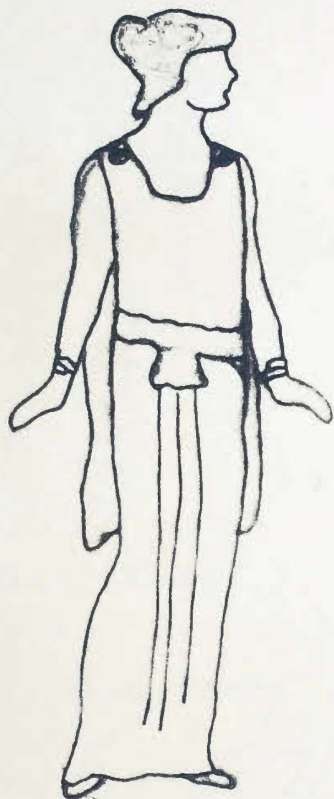
LONG CHITON  
AND CHALAMYS



CHORUS

ARMOR OVER  
SHORT CHITON

LONG CHITON



HELEN



SOLDIER

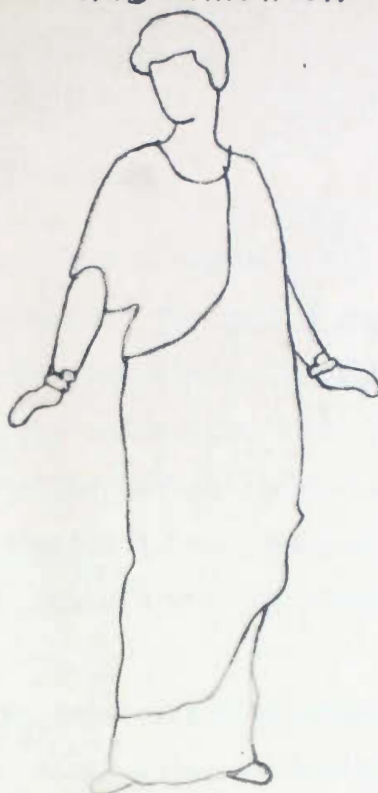


LONG CHITON  
AND HIMATION



PALLAS ATHENE

LONG CHITON  
AND HIMATION



ANDROMACHE

SHORT CHITON



ASTYANAX

## CHAPTER V

### CRITICAL EVALUATION

Statement of observations. The director feels that an honest effort was exerted throughout The Trojan Women to present the true sentiments of the playwright, Euripides.

It was not difficult for the audience to note during this play that there is a correlation between tragic events in early Greece and areas of the world today. Many children are still being taken from their mothers and the slaughter of the innocent still continues.

At times the director grew extremely discouraged over the inexperience of his cast and their apparent inability to grasp the magnitude of the play. The difficult lines and beautiful movements expressed in The Trojan Women seemed to be unsurmountable obstacles to them.

It was only during the last week of rehearsals that the director found out that patience and proper encouragement are the keys to successful efforts with inexperienced actors.

The magical evening arrived on Tuesday, July 12, 1960, when the entire cast in costume worked as "one". That is, they completely lived their respective roles together and did not make a single mistake while on stage. The result was a new feeling of interest and confidence for everyone which gave

ensuing performances a welcome bolster.

As a professional teacher, the director must state objectively that this production of The Trojan Women was a success because of the fine teaching experiences and learning values involved.

Not only did this production thesis entail the study of classical Greek theater and its modern application but it also required that the director apply contemporary theatrical standards as well and work closely with young actors.

The director wishes to note that it was his pleasure to observe the steady growth of these young people in their parts and that everyone, including the director, learned by doing.

A CRITICAL EVALUATION OF THE TROJAN WOMEN  
AS DIRECTED BY ROBERT PHILLIPS

Any thesis production should be a means whereby a beginning director can learn. Any criticism of the production should, therefore, be exact and thorough. The director should accept the criticism because it is through things done incorrectly that many people learn, and perhaps, he too can learn from his errors.

It was urged that the director study those aspects of play production which the Greeks used and that he use certain conventions which were used in the fifth century before Christ to give an air of authenticity to his production. This included a study of the playwright's script, of stage settings, of costume and of the use of music and dance in theatrical productions. It is realized that the most important of these is the playwright's words and ideas. It was also urged that the student director realize that this play is to be presented to a modern audience and that the conventions of a by-gone age might not be acceptable to an audience of today: therefore, certain adaptations and changes would have to be made.

The over-all effect of the play. The production was interesting to watch; the audience was not bored, and the student actors were carefully trained. The outstanding characteristic of this production was that the ideas were projected by

the student actors. We had a vivid picture of the waste of war, of women who suffer in the backwash of war, and of needless cruelties inflicted upon the innocent.

Outstanding performances. Outstanding performances were given by Beth Fellers, Judy Braswell, and Rex Mahan. Hecuba, the queen mother, who suffers loss of children, husband, and position is an extremely long, difficult role. Miss Fellers brought maturity and sympathy to her part. Judy Braswell carried the role of Andromache who sees her child seized to be killed, who also suffers the loss of a beloved husband and who is to be taken as a slave concubine to Greece. The most touching scene in the play is the parting of Andromache and her child. By her realization of a mother's grief at such an incident, Miss Braswell brought warmth and understanding to the role. Rex Mahan as Menelaus was fine. His reactions to Hecuba and to Helen, his ex-wife, were correct and effective.

The setting. The setting revealed the many hours of work which were spent upon it. It was an elaborate set and each stone evidently required much time to paint. It was, however, a very peculiar mixture of three styles: realism, romanticism and classicism. The elements of classicism were the steps which were used for the god and goddess and the pillars. The huge wall at stage left suggested the "ramparts of Elsinore." The flats at upstage right revealed realistic



techniques. The painted waters of the bay, the painted smoke and flames, the painted ruins were realistically done in the manner of stage designers of fifty years ago. It would be well for the student director to realize that sometimes suggestion can be far more effective than actual depiction and that the suggestion should suggest, in a period play, elements of stage design or of environments, of the past era. (I used the repetition of the word "suggest" knowingly!)

The costumes. The costumes, too, were a peculiar mixture of rented costumes and "home-made" costumes and of Greek style in costuming with no particular style. There were many questions in my mind concerning the costuming of this play. In the first place, why was gold worn to such a large degree by the conquered Trojan women? I believe that Willcox would inform you that the sandals worn by the women of that age were made of plain leather -- not gilded leather. In dramatic productions, gold with costumes has a connotative meaning; it is a symbol, whenever used, of affluence. In the second place, why did you allow a goddess, far removed from mortal men, to wear a garment decorated with the very obvious Greek key? Her garment might suggest the Greek chiton, but the decoration was not proper for a goddess. And what was that "thing" which was tied around Astyanax's waist? It was not a "girdle". In Barton's book, there is a very complete description of the process of making draping, and tying a

chiton. The only costume which was very beautiful and effective was Helen's. It revealed an individual difference which might occur, it was beautifully draped, and the silhouette of the period was not destroyed. The use of the head bands placed at the hair line also bothered me. Head bands were used: they were, however, placed just above the hair line. Helen's headdress was effective. It was a suggestion (with ribbons) of the Greek "caul". In general, the rented costumes were effective. By the use of rich materials and gold, the costumes suggested that the men were conquerors. I could not remember seeing in literature I have read about costuming the "billed" helmets of the enlisted men. I will assume that they are correct until I have checked it.

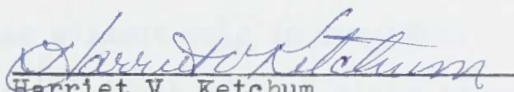
Pantomime. The dramatic pictures achieved were good. The use of the triangle in blocking was noted and appreciated. Most of the crosses were motivated. I must criticize some of the gestures. They seemed forced and stiff. My greatest criticism is about the lack of reaction of character or characters to another speaking person. Very few facial expressions were observed.

I must say in your defense that it is very difficult to be director, technical director, costumer, and stage designer for any production. It may be that some day you will be called upon to be the whole dramatic department in a college, and you will have to do tasks usually assigned to others. The

fact that you are the only one in the drama department cannot serve as an excuse. Auditors at a college production expect a great amount of perfection, and they deserve it.

This production showed that you had spent many hours upon it, and you were careful about many things. If and when you do another period play, it behooves you to do research so that you will be sure in your designing and directing the play. In addition to doing the research, you must use the facts you have gleaned from the research.

Respectfully submitted,

  
Harriet V. Ketchum  
Ass't Prof. of Speech.

The production of Euripides' The Trojan Women was a worthy graduate project. The treatment of woman's role at the hands of a conquering army is especially poignant today and was given dignity and pathos enough to stir the audience. It was not tragic enough to stir the audience to tears or great pity. Perhaps the youthful carriage, movements and voice of Hecuba prevented this illusion being strong enough to stir a mature audience. Yet the play was well produced for the director made his setting, dress and action simple and dignified as becomes a Greek play. The sonority of the lines was missing in the choice of translation and the purity of diction of the old Greek was evident only in Poseidon, Helen and Andromache. Perhaps the youth of the actors accounted for some of this, however.

The choric acting was especially commendable and that with the beauty of Cassandra's wild scene made the play memorable. The skene could have been used to greater advantage for Helen's entrance, perhaps. The stage pictures tended to be in lines with little use of height and depth for more pleasing stage pictures. The use of music added to the mood of tragedy. Altogether, it was a simple, tasteful, dignified production and a wholly commendable production thesis.

Geneva Herndon  
Geneva Herndon

## APPENDIX



## APPENDIX

### A. THE DIRECTOR'S SCRIPT

Statement of preparations. The next thirty-five pages contain a brief introductory criticism of the play by Richard Lattimore, the translator from Bryn Mawr College and the University of Chicago, and the complete script of The Trojan Women by Euripides.

It must be noted that the script of the play appears in a slightly different form than that of other parts in the thesis. This is due to the fact that the director had printed the scripts for early study by prospective cast members prior to the beginning of Summer Session 1960. However, the director feels that none of the teaching or learning values have been lost due to this variation in style.

This prompt script was the director's guide throughout the play. It enabled him to present the blocking, movement directions for the actors, and technical cues, in an effective manner.

The reader will notice on practically every page of the script that the director has marked out several Greek words and substituted other words in their place. This was done in order to avoid confusion or misunderstanding on the part of the audience. For example, the word Phrygians meant the same

as Trojans and the word Argive or Achaeans meant the same as Greek. In most cases the latter term was used.

Finally, the reader will find authentic inked notes by the director on each page. These notations cut some speeches from the script entirely at times and also divide the pages into a right and left side. Movement directions of the actors will be found to the left side of each page while technical cues such as music, curtain warnings, and lights, will be written in on the right side.

TRANSLATION AND ETHNOLOGICAL COMMENTARY  
OF THE PLAY

A. THE DIRECTOR'S SCRIPT

OF JAMES EARL RAYMOND'S  
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

TRANSLATION AND INTRODUCTORY CRITICISM  
OF THE PLAY

by

RICHARD LATTIMORE  
of BRYN MAWR COLLEGE and  
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE TROJAN WOMEN

By

Euripides

Characters

Poseidon .

Athene

Hecuba

Talthybius

Cassandra

Andromache

Astyanax

Menelaus

Helen

Chorus



## INTRODUCTION TO THE TROJAN WOMEN

In AELIAN'S *Varia historica* (ii. 8), written about the beginning of the third century A.D., we find the following notice: "In (the first year of) the ninety-first Olympiad (415 B.C.)... Xenocles and Euripides competed against each other. Xenocles, whoever he may have been, won the first prize with Oedipus, Lycaon, Bacchae, and Athamas (a satyr-play.) Euripides was second with Alexander, Palamedes, The Trojan Women, and Sisyphus (a satyr-play)."

Athens was nominally at peace when Euripides composed this set of tragedies, of which only *The Trojan Women* is extant; but Athens had only a few years earlier emerged from an indecisive ten years' war with Sparta and her allies and was in the spring of 415 weeks away from launching the great Sicilian Expedition, which touched off the next war or, more accurately, the next phase of the same war. This was to end in 404 B.C. with the capitulation of Athens.

During the earlier years of the war Euripides wrote a number of "patriotic" plays and may have believed or tried to force himself to believe in the rightness of the Periclean cause and the wickedness of the enemy. By 415 he had reason to conclude that, at least in the treatment of captives, neither side was better than the other. A group of Thebans, working with Plataean traitors, tried to seize Plataea, failed, surrendered in the belief that their lives would be spared, and were executed (Thuc. ii. 1-6). Four years later, when Plataea surrendered to the Lacedaemonians and Thebans, the entire garrison was put to death, the women were sold as slaves, and the city itself systematically destroyed (Thuc. iii. 68). About the same time the Athenians suppressed a revolt by the people of Mytilene and other cities of Lesbos. They voted to kill all grown men and enslave the women and children but then thought better of it, resinded the order just in time, and ended by putting to death only rather more than a thousand men (Thuc. iii. 50). In 421 the Athenians recaptured Scione, which had revolted, put all grown men to death, and enslaved the women and children (Thuc. v. 32). In 417 the Lacedaemonians seized a small town called Hysiae and killed all free persons whom they caught (Thuc. v. 83). The neutral island city of Melos was invited, in peacetime, to join the Athenian alliance, refused, was besieged in force, and capitulated. The Athenians put all grown males to death and enslaved the women and children (Thuc. v. 116). This was in the winter of 416-415, a few months before *The Trojan Women* was presented. That same winter, the Athenians decided to conquer Sicily (Thuc. vi. 1). This expedition was, like that against Melos, unprovoked; unlike the Melian aggression, it was foolhardy, at least obviously very dangerous. It ended in disaster, and Athens never completely recovered.

The Sicilian venture had been voted and was in preparation when Euripides presented his trilogy, which, in the manner of Aeschylus, dealt with three successive episodes in the story of Troy, complemented with a burlesque of satyrs on a kindred theme. The first play is the story of Paris (Alexander), how it was foretold at his birth that he must destroy his own city, how the baby was left to die in the mountains, miraculously rescued (as such babies invariably are), and at last recognized and restored. The hero of the second story is Palamedes, the wisest and most inventive of the Achaeans at Troy, more truly wise than Odysseus, who therefore hated him and treacherously contrived his condemnation and death. While the third tragedy, our play, ends with the destruction of Troy, the prologue looks into the future, beyond the end of the action, where the conquerors are to be wrecked on the home voyage because they have abused their conquest and turned the gods against them. The plot of *Sisyphus* is not known, but the Athenian poets were partial to the

scandalous story that Sisyphus, a notorious liar and cheat, seduced Anticlea and was therefore the true father of Odysseus. This story is post-Homeric, as is most of the matter of the whole trilogy (Homer does not mention Palamedes, shows no knowledge of the exposure of Paris, makes Poseidon the enemy not the protector of Troy, etc.); it would go well with the fact that Odysseus, here seen as the unscrupulous politician, is the open villain of Palamedes and the villain-behind-the-scenes of The Trojan Women.

. The effect of current events and policies on The Trojan Women is, I think, so obvious that it scarcely needs further elaboration, but I do not believe in the view that the play, loose as it is, is nothing but an outburst, a denunciation of aggressive war and imperialism. The general shapelessness is perhaps permitted partly because the play was one member of a trilogy; no piece which stood by itself could pass with so little dramatic action and such a nihilistic conclusion. The play-long presence of Hecuba on the stage necessitates padding, which is supplied by elaborate rhetorical debates between Hecuba and Cassandra, and Hecuba and Andromache. Out-of-character generalizations bespeak the inspirations of Euripides rather than of his dramatis personae. The trial scene of Helen is a bitter little comedy-within-tragedy, but its juridicial refinements defeat themselves and turn preposterous, halting for a time the emotional force of the play. In candor, one can hardly call The Trojan Women a good piece of work, but it seems nevertheless to be a great tragedy.

## THE TROJAN WOMEN

Music  
Warm  
Curtain  
Music f  
out

Scene: The action takes place shortly after the capture of Troy. All Trojan men have been killed, or have fled; all women and children are captives. The scene is an open space before the city, which is visible in the background, partly demolished and smoldering. Against the walls are tents, or huts, which temporarily house the captive women. The entrance of the Chorus is made, in two separate groups which subsequently unite, from these buildings, as are those of Cassandra and Helen. The entrances of Talthybius, Andromache, and Menelaus are made from the wings. It is imaginable that the gods are made to appear high up, above the level of the other actors, as if near their own temples on the Citadel. As the play opens, Hecuba is prostrate on the ground (it is understood that she hears nothing of what the gods say).

*The scene is set  
as a tableau*

(Enter Poseidon.)

Curtain  
Act I

Poseidon *USR on god's platform  
Count to five*

I am Poseidon. I come from the Aegean depths of the sea beneath whose waters Nereid choirs evolve the intricate bright circle of their dancing feet. For since that day when Phoebus Apollo and I laid down on Trojan soil the close of these stone walls, drawn true and straight, there has always been affection in my heart unfading, for these Phrygians<sup>Phrygians</sup> and for their city; which smolders now, fallen before the Argive spears, ruined, sacked, gutted. Such is Athens' work, and his, the Parnassian, Epeius of Phocis, architect and builder of the horse that swarmed with inward steel, that fatal bulk which passed within the battlements, whose fame hereafter shall be loud among men unborn, the Wooden Horse, which hid the secret spears within. Now the gods' groves are desolate, their thrones of power blood-spattered where beside the lift of the altar steps of Zeus Defender, Priam was cut down and died. The ships of the Achaeans<sup>Achaeans</sup> load with spoils of Troy now, the piled gold of Phrygia. And the men of Greece who made this expedition and took the city, stay only for the favoring stern-wind now to greet their wives and children after ten years' harvests wasted here.

The will of Argive Hera and Athene won its way against my will. Between them they broke Troy. So I must leave my altars and great Ilium, since once a city sinks into sad desolation the gods' state sickens also, and their worship fades. Scamander's valley echoes to the wail of slaves, the captive women given to their masters now, some to Arcadia or the men of Thessaly assigned, or to the lords of Athens, Theseus' strain; while all the women of Troy yet unassigned are here beneath the shelter of these walls, chosen to wait the will of princes, and among them Tyndareus' child Helen of Sparta, named--with right--a captive slave.

Nearby, beside the gates, for any to look upon who has the heart, she lies face upward, Hecuba weeping for multitudes her multitude of tears.



Polyxena, one daughter, even now was killed  
in secrecy and pain beside Achilles' tomb.  
Priam is gone, their children dead; one girl is left,  
Cassandra, reeling crazed at King Apollo's stroke,  
whom Agamemnon, in despite of the gods' will  
and all religion, will lead by force to his secret bed.

O city, long ago a happy place, good-bye;  
good-bye, hewn bastions. Pallas, child of Zeus, did this.  
But for her hatred, you might stand strong-founded still.

(Athene enters.)

Athene *SR Appeals to Poseidon*  
August among the gods, O vast divinity,  
closest in kinship to the father of all, may one  
who quarreled with you in the past make peace, and speak?

Poseidon  
You may, lady Athene; for the strands of kinship  
close drawn work no weak magic to enchant the mind.

Athene  
I thank you for your gentleness, and bring you now  
questions whose issue touches you and me, my lord.

Poseidon  
Is this the annunciation of some new word spoken  
by Zeus, or any other of the divinities?

Athene *Approaches Poseidon*  
No; but for Troy's sake, on whose ground we stand, I come  
to win the favor of your power, and an ally.

Poseidon  
You hated Troy once; did you throw your hate away  
and change to pity now its walls are black with fire?

Athene  
Come back to the question. Will you take counsel with me  
and help me gladly in all that I would bring to pass?

Poseidon *turns to her*  
I will indeed; but tell me what you wish to do.  
Are you here for the ~~Achaean~~ *Greeks*' or the ~~Phrygian~~ *Trojans*' sake?

Athene  
For the Trojans, whom I hated this short time since,  
to make the ~~Achaean~~ *Greeks*' homecoming a thing of sorrow.

Poseidon  
This is a springing change of sympathy. Why must  
you hate too hard, and love too hard, your loves and hates?

Athene  
Did you not know they outraged my temple, and shamed me?

Poseidon *looks away*  
I know that Ajax dragged Cassandra there by force.

Athene

And the ~~Achaean~~ <sup>Greeks</sup> did nothing. They did not even speak.

47

Poseidon

~~Yet Ilium was taken by your strength alone.~~

Athene

~~True~~; therefore help me. I would do some evil to them.

Poseidon

I am ready for anything you ask. What will you do?

Athene

Make the home voyage a most unhappy coming home.

Poseidon

While they stay here ashore, or out on the deep sea?

Athene

*dramatically*  
When they take ship from ~~Ilium~~ <sup>Troy</sup> and set sail for home  
Zeus will shower down his rainstorms and the weariless beat  
of hail, to make black the bright air with roaring winds.  
He has promised my hand the gift of the blazing thunderbolt  
to dash and overwhelm with fire the ~~Achaean~~ <sup>Greek</sup> ships.  
Yours is your own domain, the Aegean crossing. Make  
the sea thunder to the tripled wave and spinning surf,  
cram thick the hollow Euboean fold with floating dead;  
so after this Greeks may learn how to use with fear  
my sacred places, and respect all gods beside.

*Warm  
lights*

Poseidon

*Shaking trident that he carries*  
This shall be done, and joyfully. It needs no long  
discourse to tell you. I will shake the Aegean Sea.  
Mykonos' nesses and the swine-back reefs of Delos,  
the Capherean promontories, Scyros, Lemnos  
shall take the washed up bodies of men drowned at sea.  
Back to Olympus now, gather the thunderbolts  
from your father's hands, then take your watcher's post, to wait  
the chance, when the Achaean fleet puts out to sea.

That mortal who sacks fallen cities is a fool,  
who gives the temples and the tombs, the hallowed places  
of the dead to desolation. His own turn must come.

*exit DSR*

(The gods leave the stage. Hecuba seems to waken, and  
gets slowly to her feet as she speaks.)

Hecuba

*DSC  
Count five and begin*  
Rise, stricken head, from the dust;  
lift up the throat. This is Troy, but Troy  
and we, Troy's kings, are perished.  
Stoop to the changing fortune.  
Steer for the crossing and the death-god,  
hold not life's prow on the course against  
wave beat and accident.  
Ah me,  
what need I further for tears' occasion,  
state perished, my sons, and my husband?  
O massive pride that my fathers heaped  
to magnificence, you meant nothing.

*DSC spot  
lights come  
on Hecuba  
emphasize  
stirring Hecuba*



Must I be hushed? Were it better thus?  
 Should I cry a lament?  
 Unhappy, accursed,  
 limbs cramped, I lie  
 backed on earth's stiff bed.  
 Oh head, O temples  
 and sides; sweet, to shift,  
 let the tired spine rest  
 weight eased by the sides alternate,  
 against the strain of the tears' song  
 where the stricken people find music yet  
 in the song undanced of their wretchedness.

~~You ships' prows, that the fugitive  
 oars swept back to blessed Ilium  
 over the sea's blue water  
 by the placid harbors of Hellas  
 to the flute's grim beat  
 and the swing of the shrill boat whistles;  
 you made the crossing, made fast ashore  
 the Egyptians' skill, the sea cables,  
 alas, by the coasts of Troy; *cut*  
 it was you, ships, that carried the fatal bride  
 of Menelaus, Castor her brother's shame,  
 the stain on the Eurotas.  
 Now she has killed  
 the sire of the fifty sons,  
 Priam; me, unhappy Hecuba,  
 she drove on this reef of ruin.~~

Such state I keep  
 to sit by the tents of Agamemnon.  
 I am led captive  
 from my house, an old, unhappy woman,  
 like my city ruined and pitiful.  
 Come then, sad wives of the Trojans  
 whose spears were bronze,  
 their daughters, brides of disaster,  
 let us mourn the smoke of Ilium.  
 And I, as among winged birds  
 the mother, lead out  
 the clashing cry, the song; not that song  
 wherein once long ago,  
 when I held the scepter of Priam,  
 my feet were queens of the choir and led  
 the proud dance to the gods of ~~Phrygia~~ *Phrygia*.

(The First Half-chorus comes out of the shelter  
 at the back)

First Half-chorus

*entering from U.S.L. and  
 moving to Hecuba*

Hecuba, what are these cries?  
 What news now? For through the walls  
 I heard your pitiful weeping. *Leader #1*  
 and fear shivered in the breasts *move*  
 of the Trojan women, who within *slightly*  
 sob out the day of their slavery. *forward for*  
*solo lines*

Hecuba

My children, the ships of the ~~Argives~~ *Shacks*  
 will move today. The hand is at the oar.

First Half-chorus *Leader #1*  
They will? Why? Must I take <sup>leave</sup> ship  
so soon from the land of my fathers?

49

Hecuba

I know nothing. I look for disaster.

First Half-chorus *all - bend your bodies*

Alas!

Poor women of Troy, torn from your homes,  
bent to forced hard work.

The <sup>Greeks</sup> Argives push for home.

Hecuba

Oh,

let her not come forth,

not now, my child

Cassandra, driven delirious

to shame us before the <sup>Greeks</sup> Argives;

not the mad one, to bring fresh pain to my pain.

Ah no.

Troy, ill-starred Troy, this is the end;

your last sad people leave you now,

still alive, and broken.

(The Second Half-chorus ~~comes out of the shelter~~  
*enter from U.S.R* ~~at the back.~~  
*move to Hecuba*)

Second Half-chorus *Leader #2 slightly forward*

Ah me. Shivering, I left the tents

of Agamemnon to listen.

Tell us, our queen. Did the Argive council  
decree our death?

Or are the seamen manning the ships now,  
oars ready for action?

Hecuba

My child, do not fear so. Lighten your heart.

But I go stunned with terror.

Second Half-chorus *Leader #2* <sup>Greeks</sup>

Has a herald come from the ~~Danaans~~ yet?

Whose wretched slave shall I be ordained?

Hecuba

You are near the lot now.

Second Half-chorus *all*

Alas!

Who will lead <sup>us</sup> ~~me~~ away? <sup>A Greek</sup> ~~An Argive?~~

To an island home? To Phthiotis?

Unhappy, surely, and far from Troy.

*Chorus shifts together behind Hecuba*

Hecuba

And I,

whose wretched slave

shall I be? Where, in my gray age,

a faint drone,

poor image of a corpse,

weak shining among dead men? Shall

I stand and keep guard at their doors,

shall I nurse their children, I who in Troy  
~~shall~~ state as a princess?

(The two half-choruses now unite to form a  
single Chorus.)

Chorus *all*

So pitiful, so pitiful  
your shame and your lamentation.  
No longer shall I move the shifting pace  
of the shuttle at the looms of Ida.  
I shall look no more on the bodies of my sons.  
No more. Shall I be a drudge besides *Split and move*  
or be forced to the bed of Greek masters? *DR and DL*  
Night is a queen, but I curse her.  
Must I draw the water of Pirene,  
a servant at sacred springs? *Kneel as if*  
 Might I only be taken to Athens, domain *drawing water*  
of Theseus, the bright, the blessed!  
Never to the whirl of Eurotas, not Sparta  
detested, who gave us Helen, *look toward DSL*  
not look with slave's eyes on the scourge  
of Troy, Menelaus.

~~I have heard the rumor  
of the hallowed ground by Peneus,  
bright doorstep of Olympus,  
deep burdened in beauty of flower and harvest.  
There would I be next after the blessed,  
the sacrosanct hold of Theseus.  
And they say that the land of Aetna,  
the Fire God's keep against Punic men,  
mother of Sicilian mountains, sounds  
in the herald's cry for games' garlands;  
and the land washed *cut*  
by the streaming Ionian Sea,  
that land watered by the loveliest  
of rivers, Crathis, with the red-gold tresses  
who draws from the depths of enchanted wells  
blessings on a strong people.~~

See now, from the host of the Danaans  
the herald, charged with new orders, takes  
the speed of his way toward us.  
What message? What command? Since we count as slaves  
even now in the Dorian kingdom.

*Chorus reacts*  
*in fear of soldiers*

(Talthybius enters, followed by a detail of  
armed soldiers.)

Talthybius *enter SRC*

Hecuba, incessantly my ways have led me to Troy  
as the messenger of all the Achaean armament.  
You know me from the old days, my lady; I am sent,  
Talthybius, with new messages for you to hear.

Hecuba *rising slowly*

It comes, beloved daughters of Troy; the thing I feared.

Talthybius

You are all given your masters now. Was this your dread?

Hecuba

Ah, yes. Is it Phthia, then? A city of Thessaly?  
Tell me. The land of Cadmus?



Talthybius

All are allotted separately, each to a man.

Hecuba

Who is given to whom? Oh, is there any hope  
left for the women of Troy?

Talthybius

I understand. Yet ask not for all, but for each apart.

Hecuba

*moves toward Talthybius*

Who was given my child? Tell me, who shall be lord  
of my poor abused Cassandra?

Talthybius

King Agamemnon chose her. She was given to him.

Hecuba

*Angry*

Slave woman to that Lacedaemonian wife?  
My unhappy child!

Talthybius

No. Rather to be joined with him in the dark bed of love.

Hecuba

She, Apollo's virgin, blessed in the privilege  
the gold-haired god gave her, a life forever unwed?

Talthybius

Love's archery and the prophetic maiden struck him hard.

Hecuba

*reaches for gods*

Dash down, my daughter,  
the keys of your consecration,  
break the god's garlands to your throat gathered.

Talthybius

Is it not high favor to be brought to a king's bed?

Hecuba

My poor youngest, why did you take her away from me?

Talthybius

You spoke now of Polyxena. Is it not so?

Hecuba

To whose arms did the lot force her?

Talthybius

*avoids Hecuba's eyes*

She is given a guardianship, to keep Achilles' tomb.

Hecuba

To watch, my child? Over a tomb?  
Tell me, is this their way,  
some law, friend, established among the Greeks?



Talthybius

Speak of your child in words of blessing. She feels no pain.

Hecuba

*turns away*  
*following*

What did that mean? Does she live in the sunlight still?

Talthybius

*turns to her*

She lives her destiny, and her cares are over now.

Hecuba

The wife of bronze-embattled Hector: tell me of her,  
Andromache the forlorn. What shall she suffer now?

Talthybius

The son of Achilles chose her. She was given to him.

Hecuba

And I, my aged strength crutched for support on staves,  
whom shall I serve?

Talthybius

You shall be slave to Odysseus, lord of Ithaca.

Hecuba

*turns and moves D S L*

Oh no, no!

Tear the shorn head,  
rip nails through the folded cheeks.

Must I?

To be given as slave to serve that vile, that slippery man,  
right's enemy, brute, murderous beast,  
that mouth of lies and treachery, that makes void  
faith in things promised  
and that which was beloved turns to hate. Oh, mourn,  
daughters of Ilium, weep as one for me.

I am gone, doomed, ~~undone~~,

O wretched, given  
the worst lot of all. *slumps to the floor*

Chorus

*moves toward Hecuba as one*

I know your destiny now, Queen Hecuba. But mine?  
What Hellene, what ~~Achaeans~~ *check* is my master now?

Talthybius

*Moves U S C and faces U S R*

Men-at-arms, do your duty. Bring Cassandra forth  
without delay. Our orders are to deliver her  
to the general at once. And afterwards we can bring  
to the rest of the princes their allotted captive women.  
But see! What is that burst of a torch flame inside?  
What can it mean? Are the Trojan women setting fire  
to their chambers, at point of being torn from their land  
to sail for Argos? Have they set themselves aflame  
in longing for death? I know it is the way of freedom  
in times like these to stiffen the neck against disaster.  
Open, there, open; let not the fate desired by these,  
dreaded by the Achaeans, hurl their wrath on me.

Hecuba

*still on floor D S C*

You are wrong, there is no fire there. It is my Cassandra  
whirled out on running feet in the passion of her frenzy.

(Cassandra, carrying a flaming torch, bursts from the shelter.)

53

Cassandra

*enters from DSR  
dances around others*

Lift up, heave up; carry the flame; I bring fire of worship,  
torches to the temple.

Io, Hymen, my lord. Hymenaeus.

Blessed the bridegroom.

Blessed am I indeed to lie at a king's side,

blessed the bride of Argos.

Hymen, my lord, Hymenaeus.

Yours were the tears, my mother,

yours was the lamentation for my father fallen,

for your city so dear beloved,

but mine this marriage, my marriage,

and I shake out the torch-flare,

brightness, dazzle,

light for you, Hymenaeus,

Hecate, light for you,

for the bed of virginity as man's custom ordains.

*She pretends that she dances  
around an altar*

Let your feet dance, rippling the air; let go the chorus,

as when my father's

fate went in blessedness. *weaves around*

O sacred circle of dance. *Chorus*

Lead now, Phoebos Apollo; I wear your laurel,

I tend your temple,

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.

Dance, Mother, dance, laugh; lead; let your feet

wind in the shifting pattern and follow mine,

keep the sweet step with me,

cry out the name Hymenaeus

and the bride's name in the shrill

and the blessed incantation.

O you daughters of ~~Phrygia~~ *Argos* robed in splendor,

dance for my wedding,

for the lord fate appointed to lie beside me.

Chorus

*Moves to Hecuba*

Can you not, Queen Hecuba, stop this bacchanal before  
her light feet whirl her away into the Argive camp?

Hecuba

*rises and goes to Cassandra DSR*

Fire God, in mortal marriages you left up your torch,

but here you throw a melancholy light, not seen

through my hopes that went so high in the days gone past. O  
child.

there was a time I dreamed you would not wed like this,

not at the spear's edge, not under force of Argive arms.

Let me take the light; crazed, passionate, you cannot carry

it straight enough, poor child. Your fate is intemperate

as you are, always. There is no relief for you.

(Attendants come from the shelter. Hecuba gently takes the  
torch from Cassandra and gives it to them  
to carry away.)

*hands torch to the chorus*

You Trojan women, take the torch inside, and change  
to songs of tears this poor girl's marriage melodies.



O Mother, star my hair with flowers of victory.  
 I know you would not have it happen thus; and yet  
 this is a king I marry; then be glad; escort  
 the bride. Oh, thrust her strongly on. If Loxias  
 is Loxias still, the Achaeans' pride, great Agamemnon  
 has won a wife more fatal than ever Helen was.  
 Since I will kill him; and avenge my brothers' blood  
 and my father's in the desolation of his house.  
 But I leave this in silence and sing not now the ax  
 to drop against my throat and other throats than mine,  
 the agony of the mother murdered, brought to pass  
 from our marriage rites, and Atreus' house made desolate.  
 I am ridden by God's curse still, yet I will step so far  
 out of my frenzy as to show this city's fate *sinks to floor*  
 is blessed beside the Achaeans'. For one woman's sake,  
 one act of love, these hunted Helen down and threw  
 thousands of lives away. Their general--clever man--  
 in the name of a vile woman cut his darling down,  
 gave up for a brother the sweetness of children in his house,  
 all to bring back that brother's wife, a woman who went  
 of her free will, not caught in constraint of violence.  
 The ~~Achaeans~~ *Achaeans* come beside Scamander's banks, and died  
 day after day, though none sought to wrench their land from  
 them

nor their own towering cities. Those the War God caught  
 never saw their sons again, nor were they laid to rest  
 decently in winding sheets by their wives' hands, but lie  
 buried in alien ground; while all went wrong at home  
 as the widows perished, and barren couples raised and nursed  
 the children of others, no survivor left to tend  
 the tombs, and what is left there, with blood sacrificed.  
 For such success as this congratulate the Greeks.  
 No, but the shame is better left in silence, for fear  
 my singing voice become the voice of wretchedness.  
 The Trojans have that glory which is loveliest:  
 they died for their own country. So the bodies of all  
 who took the spears were carried home in loving hands,  
 brought, in the land of their fathers, to the embrace of earth  
 and buried becomingly as the rite fell due. The rest,  
 those ~~Phrygians~~ *Trojans* who escaped death in battle, day by day  
 came home to happiness the ~~Achaeans~~ *Greeks* could not know;  
 their wives, their children. ~~Then~~ *Then* was Hector's fate so sad?  
 You think so. Listen to the truth. He is dead and gone  
 surely, but with reputation, as a valiant man.  
 How could this be, except for the Achaeans' coming?  
 Had they held back, none might have known how great he  
 was. *looks at Hecuba*

The bride of Paris was the daughter of Zeus. Had he  
 not married her, fame in our house would sleep in silence still.  
 Though surely the wise man will forever shrink from war,  
 yet if war come, the hero's death will lay a wreath  
 not lustreless on the city. ~~The coward alone brings shame.~~  
 Let no more tears fall, Mother, for our land, nor for  
 this marriage I make; it is by marriage that I bring  
 to destruction those whom you and I have hated most. *hopeful*

Chorus *OSL. foretells doom of Agamemnon*

You smile on your disasters. Can it be that you  
 some day will illuminate the darkness of this song?

Were it not Apollo who has driven wild your wits  
I would make you sorry for sending the princes of our host  
on their way home in ~~anger~~ of foul speech like this.  
Now pride of majesty and wisdom's outward show  
have fallen to stature less than what was nothing worth  
since he, almighty prince of the assembled Hellenes,  
Atreus' son beloved, has stooped--by his own will--  
to find his love in a crazed girl. I, a plain man,  
would not marry this woman or keep her as my slave.  
You then, with your wits unhinged by idiocy,  
your scolding of ~~Agos~~ and your Trojans glorified  
I throw to the winds to scatter them. Come now with me  
to the ships, a bride--and such a bride--for Agamemnon.

Hecuba, when Laertes' son calls you, be sure  
you follow; if what all say who came to Ilium ~~exit DSZ~~  
is true, at the worst you will be a good woman's slave.

### Cassandra ~~moves DSZ~~

That servant is a vile thing. Oh, how can heralds keep  
their name of honor? Lackeys for despots be they, or  
lackeys to the people, all men must despise them still.  
You tell me that my mother must be slave in the house  
of Odysseus? Where are all Apollo's promises  
uttered to me, to my own ears, that Hecuba  
should die in Troy? Odysseus I will curse no more,  
poor wretch, who little dreams of what he must go through  
when he will think Troy's pain and mine were golden grace  
beside his own luck. Ten years he spent here, and ten  
more years will follow before he at last comes home, forlorn  
after the terror of the rock and the thin strait,  
Charybdis; and the mountain striding Cyclops, who eats  
men's flesh, the Ligyan witch who changes men to swine,  
Circe; the wreck of all his ships on the salt sea, ~~cut~~  
the lotus passion, the sacred oxen of the Sun  
slaughtered, and dead flesh moaning into speech, to make  
Odysseus listening shiver. Cut the story short:  
he will go down to the water of death, and return alive  
to reach home and the thousand sorrows waiting there.

### Returns DSZ to DSZ

Why must I transfix each of Odysseus' labors one by one?  
Lead the way quick to the house of death where I shall  
take my mate.

Lord of all the sons of ~~Danau~~, haughty in your mind of pride,  
not by day, but evil in the evil night you shall find your grave  
when I lie corpse-cold and naked next my husband's sepulcher,  
piled in the ditch for animals to rip and feed on, beaten by  
streaming storms of winter, I who wore Apollo's sacraments.  
Garlands of the god I loved so well, the spirit's dress of pride,  
leave me, as I leave those festivals where once I was so gay.  
See I tear your adornments from my skin not yet defiled by

touch, ~~angry~~; ~~tearful~~

throw them to the running winds to scatter, O lord of prophecy,  
Where is this general's ship, then? Lead me where I must set my  
feet on board.

Wait the wind of favor in the sails; yet when the ship goes out  
from this shore, she carries one of the three Furies in my shape.  
Land of my ancestors, good-bye; O Mother, weep no more for  
me.

~~On her knees~~  
You beneath the ground, my brothers, Priam, father of us all,  
I will be with you soon and come triumphant to the dead below,  
leaving behind me, wrecked, the house of Atreus, which de-  
stroyed our house.

(Cassandra is taken away <sup>by the</sup> ~~by Polythius and his soldiers.~~  
and Hecuba collapses.)

curtain  
56  
warm  
music  
warm  
lights

Chorus *all moving toward Hecuba OSC*

Handmaids of aged Hecuba, can you not see  
how your mistress, powerless to cry out, lies prone? Oh, take  
her hand and help her to her feet, you wretched maids.  
Will you let an aged helpless woman lie so long?

*#3 and #4 kneels*

Hecuba *OSC motions them away*

No. Let me lie where I have fallen. ~~Kind acts, my maids,~~  
~~must be unkind, unwanted. All that I endure~~  
~~and have endured and shall, deserves to strike me down.~~  
Oh gods! What wretched things to call on--gods!--for help  
although the decorous action is to invoke their aid  
when all our hands lay hold on ~~is unhappiness.~~ *cut*  
No. It is my pleasure first to tell good fortune's tale,  
to cast its count more sadly against disasters now.  
I was a princess, who was once a prince's bride,  
mother by him of sons pre-eminent, beyond  
the mere numbers of them, lords of the Phrygian domain,  
such sons for pride to point to as no woman of Troy,  
no Hellene, none in the outlander's wide world might match.  
And then I saw them fall before the spears of Greece,  
and cut this hair for them, and laid it on their graves.  
I mourned their father, Priam. None told me the tale  
of his death. I saw it, with these eyes. I stood to watch  
his throat cut, next the altar of the protecting god.  
I saw my city taken. And the girls I nursed,  
choice flowers to wear the pride of any husband's eyes,  
matured to be dragged by hands of strangers from my arms.  
There is no hope left that they will ever see me more,  
no hope that I shall ever look on them again.  
There is one more stone to lay this arch of wretchedness:  
I must be carried away to Hellas now, an old  
slave woman, where all those tasks that wrack old age shall be  
given me by my masters. I must work the bolt  
that bars their doorway, I whose son was Hector once;  
or bake their bread; lay down these withered limbs to sleep  
on the bare ground, whose bed was royal once; abuse  
this skin once delicate the slattern's way, exposed  
through robes whose rags will mock my luxury of long since.  
Unhappy, O unhappy. And all this came to pass  
and shall be, for the way one woman chose a man.  
Cassandra, O Daughter, whose excitements were the god's,  
you have paid for your consecration now; at what a price!  
And you, my poor Polyxena, where are you now?  
Not here, nor any boy or girl of mine, who were  
so many once, is near me in my unhappiness.  
And you would lift me from the ground? What hope? What use?  
Guide these feet long ago so delicate in Troy,  
a slave's feet now, to the straw sacks laid on the ground  
and the piled stones; let me lay down my head and die  
in an exhaustion of tears. Of all who walk in bliss  
could not one happy yet, until the man is dead.

Center spot  
down  
act curtain  
music  
no  
intermission



(Hecuba, after being led to the back of the stage,  
flings herself to the ground once more.)

*The scene is set as a  
Tableau*

*music* *curtain*  
**57** *Act II*

Chorus *USR platform*

Voice of singing, stay  
with me now, for Ilium's sake;  
take up the burden of tears,  
the song of sorrow; *Leader #1*  
the dirge for Troy's death *arms raised*  
must be chanted; *to gods*  
the tale of my captivity  
by the wheeled stride of the four-foot beast of the *Greeks* Argives,  
the horse they left in the gates,  
thin gold at its brows,  
inward, the spears' high thunder.  
Our people thronging  
the rock of Troy let go the great cry:  
"The war is over! Go down,  
bring back the idol's enchanted wood  
to the Maiden of Ilium, Zeus' daughter."  
Who stayed then? Not one girl, not one  
old man, in their houses,  
but singing for happiness  
let the lurking death in.

And the generation of Troy *all USR platform*  
swept solid to the gates  
to give the goddess  
her pleasure: *Greek* the colt immortal, unbroken,  
the nest of *Argive* spears,  
death for the children of Dardanus  
sealed in the sleek hill pine chamber.  
In the sling of the flax twist shipwise  
they berthed the black hull  
in the house of Pallas Athene  
stone paved, washed now in the blood of our people.  
Strong, gay work  
deep into black night  
to the stroke of the Libyan lute  
and all Troy singing, and girls'  
light feet pulsing the air  
in the kind dance measures;  
indoors, lights everywhere,  
torchflares on black  
to forbid sleep's onset.

*Leader #2*  
I was there also: in the great room  
I danced the maiden of the mountains,  
Artemis, Zeus' daughter.  
When the cry went up, sudden,  
bloodshot, up and down the city, to stun  
the keep of the citadel. Children  
reached shivering hands to clutch  
at the mother's dress.  
War stalked from his hiding place.  
Pallas did this.  
Beside their altars the Trojans  
died in their blood. Desolate now,  
men murdered, our sleeping rooms gave up

their brides' beauty  
to breed sons for Greek men,  
sorrow for our own country.

58

~~(A wagon comes on the stage. It is heaped with a number of  
spoils of war, in the midst of which sits Andromache  
holding Astyanax. While the chorus continues  
speaking, Hecuba rises once more.)~~ cut

*Leader #2*

Hecuba look, I see her, rapt  
to the alien wagon, Andromache,  
close to whose beating breast clings  
the boy Astyanax, Hector's sweet child.  
O carried away--to what land?--unhappy woman,  
on the wagon floor, with the brazen arms  
of Hector, of Troy  
captive and heaped beside you,  
torn now from Troy, for Achilles' son  
to hang in the shrines of Phthia.

*steps down*

Andromache *enters DSR moves SL during lines*  
I am in the hands of Greek masters.  
*child sits on platform DSR*

Hecuba  
Alas!

*stickomythia*

Andromache  
Must the incantation

Hecuba  
(ah me!)

Andromache  
of my own grief win tears from you?

Hecuba  
It must--O Zeus!

Andromache  
My own distress?

Hecuba  
O my children

Andromache  
once. No longer.

Hecuba  
Lost, lost, Troy our dominion

Andromache  
unhappy

Hecuba  
and my lordly children.

Andromache  
Gone, alas!

Hecuba  
They were mine

59

Andromache  
Sorrows only.

Hecuba  
Sad destiny

Andromache  
of our city

Hecuba  
a wreck, and burning.

Andromache  
Come back, O my husband.

Hecuba *moving slowly USC*  
Poor child, you invoke  
a dead man; my son once

Andromache  
my defender.

Hecuba *sinks to floor*  
And you, whose death shamed the ~~Achaean~~ *Greeks*,

Andromache  
lord of us all once,  
O patriarch, Priam,

Hecuba  
take me to my death now.

Andromache  
Longing for death drives deep;

Hecuba  
O sorrowful, such is our fortune;

Andromache  
lost our city

Hecuba  
and our pain lies deep under pain piled over.

Andromache *Moves DSL*  
We are the hated of God, since once your youngest escaping  
death, brought down Troy's towers in the arms of a worthless  
woman,  
piling at the feet of Pallas the bleeding bodies of our young men  
sprawled, kites' food, while Troy takes up the yoke of captivity.

Hecuba  
O my city, my city forlorn

Andromache  
abandoned, I weep this



miserable last hour

60

Andromache  
of the house where I bore my children.

Hecuba  
O my sons, this city and your mother are desolate of you.  
Sound of lamentation and sorrow,  
tears on tears shed. Home farewell, since the dead have forgotten  
all sorrows, and weep no longer.

Chorus *still on platform - all*  
They who are sad find somehow sweetness in tears, the song  
of lamentation and the melancholy Muse.

Andromache *moves to D.S.C*  
Hecuba, mother of the man whose spear was death  
to the Argives, Hector: do you see what they have done to us?

Hecuba  
I see the work of gods who pile tower-high the pride  
of those who were nothing, and dash present grandeur down.

Andromache  
We are carried away, sad spoils, my boy and I; our life  
transformed, as the aristocrat becomes the serf.

Hecuba  
Such is the terror of necessity. I lost  
Cassandra, roughly torn from my arms before you came.

Andromache *moves to Hecuba*  
Another Ajax to haunt your daughter? Some such thing  
it must be. Yet you have lost still more than you yet know.

Hecuba  
There is no numbering my losses. Infinitely  
misfortune comes to outrace misfortune known before.

Andromache  
Polyxena is dead. They cut your daughter's throat  
to pleasure dead Achilles' corpse, above his grave.

Hecuba  
O wretched. This was what Talthybius meant, that speech  
cryptic, incomprehensible, yet now so clear.

Andromache  
I saw her die, and left ~~this~~ *my* wagon seat to lay  
a robe upon her body and sing the threnody.

Hecuba  
Poor child, poor wretched, wretched darling, sacrificed,  
but without pity, and in pain, to a dead man.

Andromache *hopelessly*  
She is dead, and this was death indeed; and yet to die  
as she did was better than to live as I live now.

Hecuba

Child, no. No life, no light is any kind of death,  
since death is nothing, and in life the hopes live still.

61

Andromache

*moves again to DSL*

O Mother, our mother, hear me while I reason through  
this matter fairly--might it even hush your grief?  
Death, I am sure, is like never being born, but death  
is better thus by far than to live a life of pain,  
since the dead with no perception of evil feel no grief,  
while he who was happy once, and then unfortunate,  
finds his heart driven far from the old lost happiness.  
She died; it is as if she never saw the light  
of day, for she knows nothing now of what she suffered.  
But I, who aimed the arrows of ambition high  
at honor, and made them good, see now how far I fall,  
I, who in Hector's house worked out all custom that brings  
discretion's name to women. Blame them or blame them not,  
there is one act that swings the scandalous speech their way  
beyond all else: to leave the house and walk abroad.  
I longed to do it, but put the longing aside, and stayed  
always within the inclosure of my own house and court.  
The witty speech some women cultivate I would  
not practice, but kept my honest inward thought, and made  
my mind my only and sufficient teacher. I gave  
my lord's presence the tribute of hushed lips, and eyes  
quietly downcast. I knew when my will must have its way  
over his, knew also how to give way to him in turn.  
Men learned of this; I was talked of in the Achaean camp,  
and reputation has destroyed me now. At the choice  
of women, Achilles' son picked me from the rest, to be  
his wife: a lordly house, yet I shall be a slave.  
If I dash back the beloved memory of Hector  
and open wide my heart to my new lord, I shall be  
a traitor to the dead love, and know it; if I cling  
faithful to the past, I win my master's hatred. Yet  
they say one night of love suffices to dissolve  
a woman's aversion to share the bed of any man.  
I hate and loathe that woman who casts away the once  
beloved, and takes another in her arms of love.  
Even the young mare torn from her running mate and teamed  
with another will not easily wear the yoke. And yet  
this is a brute and speechless beast of burden, not  
like us intelligent, lower far in nature's scale.  
Dear Hector, when I had you I had a husband, great  
in understanding, rank, wealth, courage: all my wish.  
I was a virgin when you took me from the house  
of my father; I gave you all my maiden love, my first,  
and now you are dead, and I must cross the sea, to serve,  
prisoner of war, the slave's yoke on my neck, in Greece.  
No, Hecuba; can you not see my fate is worse  
than hers you grieve, Polyxena's? That one thing left  
always while life lasts, hope, is not for me. I keep  
no secret deception in my heart--sweet though it be  
to dream--that I shall ever be happy any more.

*Returns to Hecuba and helps  
her to her feet.*

Chorus

*all*

You stand where I do in misfortune, and while you mourn  
your own life, tell me what I, too, am suffering.

Hecuba

*Moving DSR*

I have never been inside the hull of a ship, but know what I know only by hearsay and from painted scenes, yet think that seamen, while the gale blows moderately, take pains to spare unnecessary work, and send one man to the steering oar, another aloft, and crews to pump the bilge from the hold. But when the tempest comes, and seas wash over the decks they lose their nerve, and let her go by the run at the waves' will, leaving all to chance. So I, in this succession of disasters, swamped, battered by this storm immortally inspired, have lost my lips' control and let them go, say anything they will. Yet still, beloved child, you must forget what happened with Hector. Tears will never save you now. Give your obedience to the new master; let your ways entice his heart to make him love you. If you do it will be better for all who are close to you. This boy, my own son's child, might grow to manhood and bring back--he alone could do it--something of our city's strength. On some far day the children of your children might come home, and build. There still may be another Troy.

*Moves DSR to child, and pushes him to safety S.L.*

But we say this, and others will speak also. See, here is some runner of the Achaeans come again.

Who is he? What news? What counsel have they taken now?

(Talthybius enters again with his escort.)

*from DSR*

Talthybius

*Moving S.L.*

O wife of Hector, once the bravest man in Troy, do not hate me. This is the will of the Danaans and the kings. I wish I did not have to give this message.

Andromache

*She and Astyanax sit on floor. D.C. She clutches child.*

What can this mean, this hint of hateful things to come?

Talthybius

The council has decreed for your son--how can I say this?

Andromache

That he shall serve some other master than I serve?

Talthybius

No man of Achaea shall ever make this boy his slave.

Andromache

*Troy*  
Must he be left behind in Phrygia, all alone?

Talthybius

Worse; horrible. There is no easy way to tell it.

Andromache

I thank your courtesy--unless your news be really good.

Talthybius

They will kill your son. It is monstrous. Now you know the truth.

Andromache

*Collapses around child.*

Oh, this is worse than anything I heard before.



Talthybius

Odysseus. He urged it before the Greeks, and got his way.

Andromache

This is too much grief, and more than anyone could bear.

Talthybius

He said a hero's son could not be allowed to live.

Andromache *bitterly*

Even thus may his own sons some day find no mercy.

Talthybius

He must be hurled from the battlements of Troy.

(He goes toward Andromache, who clings fast  
to her child, as if to resist.)

No wait!

Let it happen this way. It will be wiser in the end.  
Do not fight it. Take your grief as you were born to take it,  
give up the struggle where your strength is feebleness  
with no force anywhere to help. Listen to me!  
Your city is gone, your husband. You are in our power.  
How can one woman hope to struggle against the arms  
of Greece? Think, then. Give up the passionate contest.

This

will bring no shame. No man can laugh at your submission.  
And please--I request you--hurl no curse at the Achaeans  
for fear the army, savage over some reckless word,  
forbid the child his burial and the dirge of honor.  
Be brave, be silent; out of such patience you can hope  
the child you leave behind will not lie unburied here,  
and that to you the Achaeans will be less unkind.

Andromache *looks at soldiers. Hugs child*

O **darling** child I loved well for happiness,  
your enemies will kill you and leave your mother forlorn.  
Your own father's nobility, where others found  
protection, means your murder now. The memory  
of his valor comes ill-timed for you. O bridal bed,  
O marriage rites that brought me home to Hector's house  
a bride, you were unhappy in the end. I lived  
never thinking the baby I had was born for butchery  
by Greeks, but for lordship over all Asia's pride of earth.  
Poor child, are you crying too? Do you know what they  
will do to you? Your fingers clutch my dress. What use,  
to nestle like a young bird under the mother's wing?  
Hector cannot come back, not burst from underground  
to save you, that spear of glory caught in the quick hand,  
nor Hector's kin, nor any strength of Phrygian arms.  
Yours the sick leap head downward from the height, the fall  
where none have pity, and the spirit smashed out in death.  
O last and loveliest embrace of all, O child's  
sweet fragrant body. Vanity in the end. I nursed  
for nothing the swaddled baby at this mother's breast;  
in vain the wrack of the labor pains and the long sickness.  
Now once again, and never after this, come close  
to your mother, lean against my breast and wind your arms  
around my neck, and put your lips against my lips.

(She kisses Astyanax and relinquishes him.)

Greeks! Your Greek cleverness is simple barbarity.  
Why kill this child, who never did you any harm?  
O flowering of the house of Tyndareus! Not his,  
not God's daughter, never that, but child of many fathers  
I say; the daughter of Vindictiveness, of Hate,  
of Blood, Death; of all wickedness that swarms on earth.  
I cry aloud: Zeus never was your father, but you  
were born a pestilence to all Greeks and the world beside.  
Accursed; who from those lovely and accursed eyes  
brought down to shame and ruin the bright plains of Troy.  
Oh, seize him, take him, dash him to death if it must be done;  
feed on his flesh if it is your will. These are the gods  
who damn us to this death, and I have no strength to save  
my boy from execution. Cover this wretched face  
and throw me into the ship and that sweet bridal bed  
I walk to now across the death of my own child.

*Talthybius takes the child*  
(Talthybius gently lifts the child out of the wagon, which  
leaves the stage, carrying Andromache away.)

Chorus *USR - all*

Unhappy Troy! For the sweetness in one woman's arms'  
embrace, unspeakable, you lost these thousands slain.

Talthybius

Come, boy, taken from the embrace beloved  
of your mourning mother. Climb the high circle  
of the walls your fathers built. There  
end life. This was the order.  
Take him. *moves SR*

(He hands Astyanax to the guards, who lead him out.)

*pauses SR*  
I am not the man  
to do this. Some other  
without pity, not as I ashamed,  
should be herald of messages like this.

*Andromache follows towards the soldiers*

(He goes out.)  
*DSR*

Hecuba

O child of my own unhappy child,  
shall your life be torn from your mother  
and from me? Wicked. Can I help,  
dear child, not only suffer? What help?  
Tear face, beat bosom. This is all  
my power now. O city,  
O child, what have we left to suffer?  
Are we not hurled  
down the whole length of disaster?

*sinks to floor with Andromache*  
*SC*

Chorus

Telamon, O king in the land where the bees swarm,  
Salamis the surf-pounded isle where you founded your city  
to front that hallowed coast where Athene broke  
forth the primeval pale branch of olive,  
wreath of the bright air and a glory on Athens the shining:  
O Telamon, you came in your pride of arms  
with Alcmena's archer

Wain  
Curtain  
Wain  
Music

Quick cut  
Music up

Short one  
Intermission

to Ilium, our city, to sack and destroy it  
on that age-old venture.

This was the first flower of Hellenic strength Heracles brought  
in anger

for the horses promised; and by Simois' calm waters  
checked the surf-wandering oars and made fast the ships' stern  
cables.

From which vessels came out the deadly bow hand,  
death to Laomedon, as the scarlet wind of the flames swept over  
masonry straight-hewn by the hands of Apollo.

This was a desolation of Troy  
twice taken; twice in the welter of blood the walls Dardanian  
went down before the red spear.

In vain, then, Laomedon's child,  
you walk in delicate pride  
by the golden pitchers  
in loveliest servitude  
to fill Zeus' wine cups;  
while Troy your mother is given to the flame to eat,  
and the lonely beaches  
mourn, as sad birds sing  
for the young lost,  
for the sword hand and the children  
and the aged women.

*cut*

Gone now the shining pools where you bathed,  
the fields where you ran  
all desolate. And you,  
Ganymede, go in grace by the thrones of God  
with your young, calm smile even now  
as Priam's kingdom  
falls to the Greek spear.

O Love, Love, it was you  
in the high halls of Dardanus,  
the sky-daughters of melody beside you,  
who piled the huge strength of Troy  
in towers, the gods' own hands  
concerned. I speak no more  
against Zeus' name.

But the light men love, who shines  
through the pale wings of **morning**,  
balestar on this earth now,  
watched the collapse of tall towers:  
Dawn. Her lord was of this land;  
she bore his children,  
Tithonus, caught away by the golden car  
and the starry horses,  
who made our hopes so high.  
For the gods loved Troy once.  
Now they have forgotten.

(Menelaus comes on the stage, attended by a detail of  
armed soldiers.)

*Tableau*

*Menelaus SRC Count five and begin*

O splendor of sunburst breaking forth this day, whereon  
I lay my hands once more on Helen, my wife. And yet  
it is not, so much as men think, for the woman's sake.  
I came to Troy, but against that guest proved treacherous,  
who like a robber carried the woman from my house.

*Warn Curtain  
music down  
and out*

*Curtain  
Act III*

*Trumpet so*



Since the gods have seen to it that he paid the penalty,  
 fallen before the Hellenic spear, his kingdom wrecked,  
 I come for her now, the wife once my own, whose name  
 I can no longer speak with any happiness,  
 to take her away. In this house of captivity  
 she is numbered among the other women of Troy, a slave.  
 And those men whose work with the spear has won her back  
 gave her to me, to kill, or not to kill, but lead  
 away to the land of ~~Argos~~ <sup>Greece</sup>, if such be my pleasure.  
 And such it is; the death of Helen in Troy I will let  
 pass, have the oars take her by sea ways back to Greek  
 soil, and there give her over to execution; ~~Troy~~  
 blood penalty for friends who are dead in ~~Ilium~~ <sup>Troy</sup> here.  
 Go to the house, my followers, and take her out;  
 no, drag her out; lay hands upon that hair so stained  
 with men's destruction. When the winds blow fair astern  
 we will take ship again and bring her back to Hellas.

Hecuba *On floor D S L. She gets on her knees*  
 O power, who mount the world, wheel where the world rides,  
 O mystery of man's knowledge, whosoever you be,  
 Zeus named, nature's necessity or mortal mind,  
 I call upon you; for you walk the path none hears  
 yet bring all human action back to right at last.

Menelaus *puzzled*  
 What can this mean? How strange a way to call on gods.

Hecuba *arises and moves toward Menelaus*  
 Kill your wife, Menelaus, and I will bless your name.  
 But keep your eyes away from her. Desire will win.  
 She looks enchantment, and where she looks homes are set fire;  
 she captures cities as she captures the eyes of men.  
 We have had experience, you and I. We know the truth.

(Men at arms bring Helen roughly out of the shell  
 She makes no resistance.)

Helen *entrance D S L rubs bruises on arm*  
 Menelaus, your first acts are argument of terror  
 to come. Your lackeys put their hands on me. I am dragged  
 out of my chambers by brute force. I know you hate  
 me; I am almost sure. And still there is one question  
 I would ask you, if I may. What have the Greeks decided  
 to do with me? Or shall I be allowed to live?

Menelaus  
 You are not strictly condemned, but all the army gave  
 you into my hands, to kill you for the wrong you did.

Helen  
 Is it permitted that I argue this, and prove  
 that my death, if I am put to death, will be unjust?

Menelaus  
 I did not come to talk with you. I came to kill.

Hecuba *moves slightly S L*  
 No, Menelaus, listen to her. She should not die  
 unheard. But give me leave to take the opposite case;

the prosecution. There are things that happened in Troy which you know nothing of, and the long-drawn argument will mean her death. She never can escape us now.

67

Menelaus *moves slightly DSR*

This is a gift of leisure. If she wishes to speak she may. But it is for your sake, understand, that I give this privilege I never would have given to her.

Helen *DSL*

Perhaps it will make no difference if I speak well or badly, and your hate will not let you answer me. All I can do is to forsee the arguments you will use in accusation of me, and set against the force of your charges, charges of my own.

*moves toward Hecuba* First, then! She mothered the beginning of all this wickedness. For Paris was her child. And next to her the old king, who would not destroy the infant Alexander, that dream of the firebrand's agony, has ruined Troy, and me. This is not all; listen to the rest I have to say. Alexander was the judge of the goddess trinity. Pallas Athene would have given him power, to lead the Phrygian arms on Hellas and make it desolate. All Asia was Hera's promise, and the uttermost zones of Europe for his lordship, if her way prevailed. But Aphrodite, picturing my loveliness, promised it to him, if he would say her beauty surpassed all others. Think what this means, and all the consequence. Cypris prevailed, and I was won in marriage: all for Greek advantage. Asia is not your lord; you serve no tyrant now, nor take the spear in his defense. Yet Hellas' fortune was my own misfortune. I, sold once for my body's beauty stand accused, who should for what has been done wear garlands on my head.

I know.

You will say all this is nothing to the immediate charge: I did run away; I did go secretly from your house. But when he came to me--call him any name you will: Paris? or Alexander? or the spirit of blood to haunt this woman?--he came with a goddess at his side; no weak one. And you--it was criminal--took ship for Crete and left me there in Sparta in the house, alone.

You see?

*DSC*

I wonder--and I ask this of myself, not you--why did I do it? What made me run away from home with the stranger, and betray my country and my hearth? Challenge the goddess then, show your greater strength than Zeus'

who has the other gods in his power, and still is slave to Aphrodite alone. Shall I not be forgiven? Still you might have some show of argument against me. When Paris was gone to the deep places of death, below ground, and the immortal practice on my love was gone, I should have come back to the Argive ships, left Troy. I did try to do it, and I have witnesses, the towers' gatekeepers and the sentinels on the wall, who caught me again and again as I let down the rope



from the battlements and tried to slip away to the ground.  
For Deiphobus, my second husband: ~~he took me away~~ <sup>Phrygians</sup>  
by force and kept me his wife against the Phrygians' will.

68

O my husband, can you <sup>pleading</sup> kill me now and think you kill  
in righteousness? I was the bride of force. Before,  
I brought their houses to the sorrow of slavery  
instead of conquest. Would you be stronger than the gods?  
Try, then. But even such ambition is absurd.

Chorus *all moving from shelter USL to SC*

O Queen of Troy, stand by your children and your country!  
Break down the beguilement of this woman, since she speaks  
well, and has done wickedly. This is dangerous.

*Point to Helen*

Hecuba *moving about Helen throughout lines*

First, to defend the honor of the gods, and show  
that the woman is a scandalous liar. I will not  
believe it! Hera and the virgin Pallas Athene  
could never be so silly and empty-headed  
that Hera would sell <sup>Argos</sup> to the barbarians,  
of Pallas let Athenians be the slaves of Troy.  
They went to Ida in girlish emulation, vain  
of their own loveliness? Why? Tell me the reason Hera  
should fall so much in love with the idea of beauty.  
To win some other lord more powerful than Zeus?  
Or has Athene marked some god to be her mate,  
she, whose virginity is a privilege won from Zeus,  
who abjures marriage? Do not trick out your own sins  
by calling the gods stupid. No wise man will believe you.  
You claim, and I must smile to hear it, that Aphrodite  
came at my son's side to the house of Menelaus;  
who could have caught up you and your city of Amyclae  
and set you in Ilium, moving not from the quiet of heaven.  
Nonsense. My son was handsome beyond all other men.  
You looked at him, and sense went Cyprian at the sight,  
since Aphrodite is nothing but the human lust,  
named rightly, since the word of lust begins the god's name.  
You saw him in the barbaric splendor of his robes,  
gorgeous with gold. It made your senses itch. You thought,  
being queen only in Argos, in little luxury,  
that once you got rid of Sparta for the <sup>Lycian</sup> Phrygian city  
where gold streamed everywhere, you could let extravagance  
run wild. No longer were Menelaus and his house  
sufficient to your spoiled luxurious appetites.  
So much for that. You may my son took you away  
by force. What Spartan heard you cry for help? You did  
cry out? Or did you? Castor, your brother, was there, a young  
man, and his twin not yet caught up among the stars.  
Then when you had reached Troy, and the Argives at your heels  
came, and the agony of the murderous spears began,  
when the reports came in that Menelaus' side  
was winning, you would praise him, simply to make my son  
unhappy at the strength of his love's challenger,  
forgetting your husband when the luck went back to Troy.  
You worked hard: not to make yourself a better woman,  
but to make sure always to be on the winning side.  
You claim you tried to slip away with ropes let down  
from the ramparts, and this proves you stayed against your will?  
Perhaps. But when were you ever caught in the strangling noose,

*of it.*  
 caught sharpening a dagger? Which any noble wife  
 would do, desperate with longing for her lord's return.  
 Yet over and over again I gave you good advice:  
 "Make your escape, my daughter; there are other girls  
 for my sons to marry. I will help you get away  
 to the ships of the ~~Achaean~~ *Greeks*. Let the Greeks, and us,  
 stop fighting." So I argued, but you were not pleased.  
 Spoiled in the luxury of Alexander's house  
 you liked foreigners to kiss the ground before your feet.  
 All that impressed you.

And now you dare to come outside,  
 figure fastidiously arranged, to look upon  
 the same air as your husband, O abominable  
 heart, who should walk submissively in rags of robes,  
 shivering with anxiety, head Scythian-cropped,  
 your old impudence gone and modesty gained at last  
 by reason of your sinful life.

*moves DSR* O Menelaus,  
 mark this, the end of my argument. Be true to your  
 high reputation and to Hellas. Grace both, and kill  
 Helen. Thus make it the custom toward all womankind  
 hereafter, that the price of adultery is death.

Chorus *all moving DSR to Menelaus*  
 Menelaus, keep the ancestral honor of your house.  
 Punish your wife, and purge away from Greece the stigma  
 on women. You shall seem great even to your enemies.

Menelaus  
 All you have said falls into line with my own thought.  
 This woman left my household for a stranger's bed  
 of her own free will, and all this talk of Aphrodite  
 is for pure show. Away, and face the stones of the mob.  
 Atone for the long labors of the Achaeans in  
 the brief act of dying, and know your penance for my shame.

(Helen drops before him and embraces his knees.)

Helen  
 No, by your knees! I am not guilty of the mind's  
 infection, which the gods sent. Do not kill! Have pity!

Hecuba  
 Be true to the memory of all your friends she murdered.  
 It is for them and for their children that I plead.

(Menelaus pushes Helen away.)

Menelaus *roughly*  
 Enough, Hecuba. I am not listening to her now.  
 I speak to my servants: see that she is taken away  
 to where the ships are beached. She will make the voyage home.

Hecuba  
 But let her not be put in the same ship with you.

Menelaus *ridiculous line*  
 What can you mean? ~~That she is heavier than she was?~~

Hecuba  
 A man in love once never is out of love again.



Sometimes; when the beloved's heart turns false to him.  
 Yet it shall be as you wish. She shall not be allowed  
 in the same ship I sail in. This was well advised.  
 And once in Argos she must die the vile death earned  
 by her vile life, and be an example to all women  
 to live temperately. This is not the easier way;  
 and yet her execution will tincture with fear  
 the lust of women even more depraved than she.

(Helen is led out, Menelaus following.)

Chorus *all DSC arms raised to gods*

Thus, O Zeus, you betrayed all  
 to the Achaeans: ~~your temple~~  
 in Ilium, your misted altar;  
 the flame of the clotted sacraments,  
 the smoke of the skying incense,  
 Pergamum the hallowed, *cut*  
 the ivied ravines of Ida, washed  
 by the running snow. The utter  
 peaks that surprise the sun bolts,  
 shining and primeval place of divinity.

*move DSR*  
 Gone are your sacrifices, the choirs'  
 glad voices singing to the gods  
 night long, deep into darkness;  
 gone the images, gold on wood  
 laid, ~~the twelve of the sacred moons,~~  
~~the magic Phrygian numbers~~

Can it be, can it be, my lord, you have forgotten  
 from your throne high in heaven's  
 bright air, my city which is ruined  
 and the flame storm that broke it?

O my dear, my husband, *Leader #1*  
 O wandering ghost *on knees*  
 unwashed, unburied; the sea hull must carry me  
 in the flash of its wings' speed  
 to Argos, city of horses, where  
 the stone walls built by giants invade the sky.  
 The multitudes of our children stand  
 clinging to the gates and cry through their tears.  
 And one girl weeps:

"O Mother, the Achaeans take me away  
 lonely from your eyes  
 to the black ship  
 where the oars dip surf *rise and*  
 toward Salamis the blessed, *step back*  
 or the peak between two seas *to group*  
 where Pelops' hold  
 keeps the gates at the Isthmus."

Oh that as Menelaus' ship  
 makes way through the mid-sea  
 the bright pronged spear immortal of thunder might smash it  
 far out in the Aegean, *cut*  
 as in tears, in bondage to Hellas  
 I am cut from my country;  
 as she holds the golden mirror  
 in her hands, girls' grace,



she, God's daughter.  
Let him never come home again, to a room in Laconia  
and the hearth of his fathers;  
never more to Pitana's streets  
and the bronze gates of the Maiden;  
since he forgave his shame  
and the vile marriage, the sorrows  
of great Hellas and the land  
watered by Simois.

(Talthybius returns. His men carry, laid on the shield of  
Hector, the body of Astyanax.)

USC

But see! *Leader #2*  
Now evils multiply in our land.  
Behold, O pitiful wives  
of the Trojans. This is Astyanax,  
dead, dashed without pity from the walls, and borne  
by the Danaans, who murdered him. *Chorus leaves.*

*Warm  
music*

USL

Talthybius *places his chlamys over body*  
Hecuba, one last vessel of Achilles' son  
remains, manned at the oar sweeps now, to carry back  
to the shores of Phthiotis his last spoils of war.  
Neoptolemus himself has put to sea. He heard  
news of old Peleus in difficulty and the land *cut*  
invaded by Acastus, son of Pelias.

Such news put speed above all pleasure of delay.  
So he is gone, and took with him Andromache,  
whose lamentations for her country and farewells  
to Hector's tomb as she departed brought these tears  
crowding into my eyes. And she implored that you  
bury this dead child, your own Hector's son, who died  
flung from the battlements of Troy. She asked as well  
that the bronze-backed shield, terror of the Achaeans once,  
when the boy's father slung its defense *across* his side,  
be not taken to the hearth of Peleus, nor the room  
where the slain child's Andromache must be a bride  
once more, to waken memories by its sight, but used  
in place of the cedar coffin and stone-chambered tomb  
for the boy's burial. He shall be laid in your arms  
to wrap the body about with winding sheets, and flowers,  
as well as you can, out of that which is left to you.  
Since she is gone. Her master's speed prevented her  
from giving the rites of burial to her little child.

*across not  
across*

*Moves SP*

The rest of us, once the corpse is laid out, and earth  
is piled above it; must raise the mast tree, and go.  
Do therefore quickly everything that you must do.  
There is one labor I myself have spared you. As  
we forded on our way here Scamander's running water,  
I washed the body and made clean the wounds. I go  
now, to break ground and dig the grave for him, that my  
work be made brief, as yours must be, and our tasks end  
together, and the ships be put to sea, for home. *exits with  
soldiers*

Hecuba *Moves SC behind the body*

Lay down the circled shield of Hector on the ground:  
a hateful thing to look at; it means no love to me.

(Talthybius and his escort leave. Two soldiers wait.)

Achaeans! All your strength is in your spears, not in the mind. What were you afraid of, that it made you kill this child so savagely? That Troy, which fell, might be raised from the ground once more? Your strength meant nothing, then.

When Hector's spear was fortunate, and numberless strong hands were there to help him, we were still destroyed. Now when the city is fallen and the Phrygians slain, this baby terrified you? I despise the fear which is pure terror in a mind unreasoning.

*knells to body and lifts the cape*

O darling child, how wretched was this death. You might have fallen fighting for your city, grown to man's age, and married, and with the king's power like a god's, and died happy, if there is any happiness here. But no. You grew to where you could see and learn, my child, yet your mind was not old enough to win advantage of fortune: 'How wickedly, poor boy, your fathers' walls, Apollo's handiwork, have crushed your pitiful head tended and trimmed to ringlets by your mother's hand, and the face she kissed once, where the brightness now is blood shining through the torn bones--too horrible to say more.

*music up slowly*

O little hands, sweet likenesses of Hector's once, now you lie broken at the wrists before my feet; and mouth beloved whose words were once so confident, you are dead; and all was false, when you would lean across my bed, and say: "Mother, when you die I will cut my long hair in your memory, and at your grave bring companies of boys my age, to sing farewell." It did not happen; now I, a homeless, childless, old woman must bury your poor corpse, which is so young. Alas for all the tendernesses, my nursing care, and all your slumbers gone. What shall the poet say, what words will he inscribe upon your monument? Here lies a little child the Argives killed, because they were afraid of him. That? The epitaph of Greek shame. You will not win your father's heritage, except for this, which is your coffin now: the brazen shield.

*hugs the child's hands*

*runs hands around shield's edge*

O shield, who guarded the strong shape of Hector's arm: the bravest man of all, who wore you once, is dead. How sweet the impression of his body on your sling, and at the true circle of your rim the stain of sweat where in the grind of his many combats Hector leaned his chin against you, and the drops fell from his brow!

Take up your work now; bring from what is left some robes to wrap the tragic dead. The gods will not allow us to do right. But let him have what we can give.

That mortal is a fool who, prospering, thinks his life has any strong foundation; since our fortune's course action is the reeling way a madman takes, and no one person is ever happy all the time.

*Chorus enters from USL and groups evenly around Hecuba and body DSC*

(Hecuba's handmaidens bring out from the shelter a basket of robes and ornaments. During the scene which follows, the body of Astyanax is being made ready for burial.)

Here are your women, who bring you from the Trojan spoils such as is left, to deck the corpse for burial.



Hecuba

O child, it is not for victory in riding, won from boys your age, not archery--in which acts our people take pride, without driving competition to excess--that your sire's mother lays upon you now these treasures from what was yours before; though now the accursed of God, Helen, has robbed you, she who has destroyed as well the life in you, and brought to ruin all our house.

Chorus *Kneel around body - all*

My heart,  
you touched my heart, you who were once  
a great lord in my city.

Hecuba *raises and takes robes from chorus*

These ~~Phrygian~~ robes' magnificence you should have worn at your marriage to some princess uttermost in pride in all the East, I lay upon your body now. And you, once so victorious and mother of a thousand conquests, Hector's huge beloved shield: here is a wreath for you, who die not, yet are dead with this body; since it is better far to honor you than the armor of Odysseus the wicked and wise.

Chorus *all - loud*

Ah me.  
Earth takes you, child;  
our tears of sorrow.  
Cry aloud, our mother.

Hecuba

Yes.

Chorus *all - louder*

The dirge of the dead.

Hecuba

Ah me.

Chorus *all - loudest*

Evils never to be forgotten.

Hecuba

I will blind up your wounds with bandages, and be your healer: a wretched one, in name alone, no use. Among the dead your father will take care of you.

Chorus

Rip, tear your faces with hands  
that beat like oars.  
Alas.

Hecuba

Dear women.....



Chorus *Leader #1*

Hecuba, please to us. We are yours. What did you cry aloud?

*W a 74  
light*

Hecuba *bitterly*

The gods meant nothing except to make life hard for me, and of all cities they chose Troy to hate. In vain we sacrificed. And yet had not the very hand of God gripped and crushed this city deep in the ground, we should have disappeared in darkness, and not given a theme for music, and the songs of men to come. You may go now, and hide the dead in his poor tomb; he has those flowers that are the right of the underworld. I think it makes small difference to the dead, if they are buried in the tokens of luxury. All this is an empty glorification left for those who live.

*Music down  
and out*

*soldiers enter  
SR*

(The soldiers take up and carry away the body of Astyanax.)

*DSR*

Chorus *Leader #2*

Sad mother, whose hopes were so huge for your life. They are broken now. Born to high blessedness and lordly line your death was horror.

*dim all  
whites*

But see, see *rises and looks out left  
of audience*  
on the high places of Ilium  
the torchflares whirling in the hands  
of men. For Troy  
some ultimate agony.

*Chorus forms inverted V around  
Hecuba. USC  
DSR*  
(Talthybius comes back, with numerous men.)

Talthybius

I call to the captains who have orders to set fire to the city of Priam: shield no longer in the hand the shining flame. Let loose the fire upon it. So with the citadel of Ilium broken to the ground we can take leave of Troy, in gladness, and go home.

I speak to you, too, for my orders include this. Children of Troy, when the lords of the armament sound the high echoing crash of the trumpet call, then go to the ships of the Achaeans, to be taken away from this land. And you, unhappiest and aged woman, go with them. For Odysseus' men are here, to whom enslaved the lot exiles you from your native land.

*W a n  
music*

Hecuba *moves USC then DSR*

Ah, wretched me. So this is the unhappy end and goal of all the sorrows I have lived. I go forth from my country and a city lit with flames. Come, aged feet; make one last weary struggle, that I may hail my city in its affliction. O Troy, once so huge over all Asia in the drawn wind of pride, *hugs wall* your very name of glory shall be stripped away. They are burning you, and us they drag forth from our land enslaved. O gods! Do I call upon those gods for help? I cried to them before now, and they would not hear. Come then, hurl ourselves into the pyre. Best now to die in the flaming ruins of our fathers' house!

Polydorus

Unhappy creature, ecstatic in your sorrows! Men,  
take her, spare not. She is Odysseus' property.  
You have orders to deliver her into his hands.

Hecuba

O sorrow.  
Cronion, Zeus, lord of Phrygia,  
prince of our house, have you seen  
the dishonor done to the seed of Dardanus?

Chorus

*usc - all*

He has seen, but the great city  
is a city no more, it is gone. There is no Troy.

Hecuba

*DSL*

O sorrow.  
Ilium flares.  
The chambers of Pergamum take fire,  
the citadel and the wall's high places.

Chorus

*all*

Our city fallen to the spear  
fades as smoke winged in the sky.  
halls hot in the swept fire  
and the fierce lances.

Hecuba

*sinks to floor DSC*

O soil where my children grew.

Chorus

*all*

Alas.

Hecuba

O children, hear me; it is your mother who calls.

Chorus

*all*

They are dead you cry to. This is a dirge.

Hecuba

I lean my old body against the earth  
and both hands beat the ground.

Chorus

*all - kneel behind Hecuba*

I kneel to the earth, take up  
the cry to my own dead,  
poor buried husband.

Hecuba

*all grieving*

We are taken, dragged away

Chorus

*all*

a cry of pain, pain *emphasize*

Hecuba

under the slave's roof

Chorus

*all*

away from my country.

Red border  
# 3 **75** 4  
batters up  
slowly on c

music up  
slowly



Hecuba *reaches out for Priam*  
Priam, my Priam. Dead  
graveless, forlorn,  
you know not what they have done to me.

*Wain music*

76

Chorus *all*  
Now dark, holy death  
in the brutal butchery closed his eyes.

Hecuba  
O gods' house, city beloved

Chorus *all*  
alas  
Hecuba  
you are given the red flame and the spear's iron.

Chorus *all*  
You will collapse to the dear ground and be nameless.

Hecuba  
Ash as the skyward smoke wing  
piled will blot from my sight the house where I lived once.

Chorus *rising slowly - all*  
Lost shall be the name on the land,  
all gone, perished. Troy, city of sorrow,  
is there no longer.

Hecuba  
Did you see, did you hear?

Chorus *all*  
The crash of the citadel.

Hecuba  
The earth shook, riven

Chorus *all*  
to engulf the city.

Hecuba *rising moves DSR*  
O  
shaking, tremulous limbs,  
this is the way. Forward:  
into the slave's life. *exits*

Chorus *Moves DSR*  
Mourn for the ruined city, then go away  
to the ships of the Achaeans. *exits*

(Hecuba is led away, and all go out, leaving  
the stage empty.)

*Slow Curtain*

*Curtain*

*Music up*

B. PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PLAY



















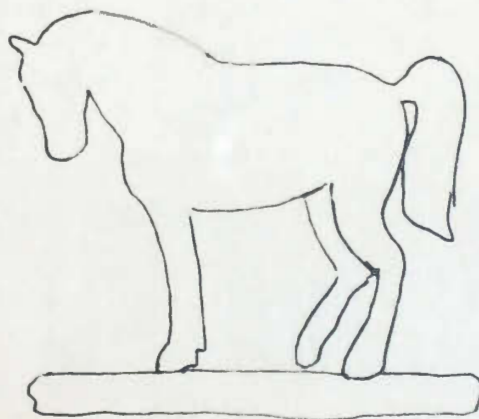




C. PHOTOSTATIC COPIES OF STORIES AND REVIEWS

FOR A GRADUATE PRODUCTION<sup>88</sup>  
OF

The  
Trojan  
Women  
by Euripides



WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY - FRIDAY

JUNE 8<sup>TH</sup>

JUNE 9<sup>TH</sup>

JUNE 10<sup>TH</sup>

PICKEN HALL

4 O'CLOCK

ROOM 15



SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	JUNE					
6	7	8	9	10	11	
		PLAY READINGS P. 115 4:00	PLAY READINGS P. 115 4:00	PLAY READINGS P. 115 4:00		
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	READING REHEARSAL ENTIRE PLAY P. 115 4:00	BLOCK PROLOGUE AND ACT I P. 115 4:00	REVIEW ACT I P. 115 4:00	BLOCK ACT II P. 115 4:00	REVIEW ACT II P. 115 4:00	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	BLOCK PROLOGUE AGAIN AND ACT III P. 115 4:00 ACT I 7:00	CHORUS P. 115 4:00 REVIEW ACT III 7:00	CHORUS P. 115 4:00 ACT I 7:00 <u>NO SCRIPTS</u>	CHORUS P. 115 4:00 ACT II 7:00	ACT I P. AUD. 7:00	ACTS I & II LINE P. 115 1:00
26	27	28	29	30	1 JULY	2
	SPECIAL P. 115 4:00 ACT III 7:00 P. AUD.	ACT II P. AUD. 7:00 <u>NO SCRIPTS</u>	ACT I P. AUD. 7:00	ACT II P. AUD. 7:00	ACT III P. AUD. 7:00	ENTIRE PLAY P. AUD. 1:00
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
GO OVER LINES	GO OVER LINES	BEGIN SET ACT III H.H. 7:00 <u>NO SCRIPTS</u>	SET WORK ACT I H.H. 7:00	SET COMPLETE ACT II H.H. 7:00	ACT III H.H. 7:00	SPECIAL HH 1:00
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
LINE	ENTIRE PLAY	ENTIRE PLAY	FIRST DRESS REHEARSAL	SECOND DRESS REHEARSAL	PERFORMANCE CURTAIN	STRIKE SET

## Students To Present 'The Trojan Women'

"The Trojan Women," a Greek tragedy, will be presented by a group of FHS students at 8 p.m. July 15 in the Hays High School Auditorium.

The play is being directed by Robert Phillips, Overland Park, to meet the requirements for his master's degree.

## Students At Fort Hays To Present Greek Play

A group of Fort Hays State College students will present "The Trojan Women," a Greek Tragedy by Euripides, at 8 p.m. Friday, July 15, in the Hays High School Auditorium.

The play is directed by Robert Phillips of Overland Park in fulfillment of the requirements for his master's degree in speech and drama.

The action takes place shortly after the capture of Troy. All Trojan men have been killed or have fled, and all women and children are captives. The scene is an open space before the city, which is partly demolished and smouldering.

Members of the cast are Poseidon, Phillips; Athene, Mrs. Rex Pearson, Ellis; Hecuba, Beth Fellers, Hays; Talthybius, Garnis, Hagen, Ellis; Cassandra, Judy Grimm, Jewell; Andromache, Judy Braswell, Otis; Astyanax, Bobbie Gurtler, Ellis; Menelaus, Rex Mahan, Belleville; Helen, Carole Brown, Hoisington, and the chorus: Nancy Bray, Ellis; Patricia Young, Alexander, Billie Lee Allen and Susan Scott of Ellis.

# Greek Tragedy Is Friday Night

The combined talents of actors ranging in age from grade school through college level will be presented in "The Trojan Women" at 8 Friday evening in the Hays High School Auditorium. A Greek tragedy written by Euripides, "The Trojan Women" is a rarity in stage productions today.

The play is directed by Robert Phillips in fulfillment of the requirements for his master's degree in speech and drama.

"The Trojan Women" tells the story of what happens to the women and children of Troy after the Ten Years' War," said Phillips, "and shows the practice common at that time of making most of them slaves."

The play, which was written while Greece was declining, is a presentation of Euripides' pessimism, Phillips said.

"Euripides wrote it because Greece attacked a small neighboring country that refused to join the Greeks in war," he said. "Euripides objected to this and wrote the play to show the horrors and struggles of war."

The action takes place shortly after the capture of Troy. All the Trojan men have been killed or have fled, and all women and children are captives. The scene is an open space before the city, which is partly demolished and smouldering.

The first act begins with a prologue telling of the events that led up to the war and the war itself. The Trojan women and children learn they have all

been assigned to masters and will be sent back to Greece.

In the second act the Greek soldiers throw Astyanax, a son of Hector, a great Trojan hero, off the wall of the city and leave the body unburied as a sign of contempt. This comes as a bitter blow to the Trojans for Astyanax was regarded as the symbol of hope that Troy would rise again.

The third act is the famed trial scene in which Helen of Troy is brought before her husband Menelaus, leader of the Greeks, and made to answer for her crimes. The Greeks finally consent to give the body of Astyanax a proper burial and play ends with the Trojan women being led to the waiting ships that will take them to Greece.

"We have had some difficulty in preparing for the play because of the extremely long lines for the actors," Phillips said, "and also it was difficult to assemble a cast because of summer schedules."

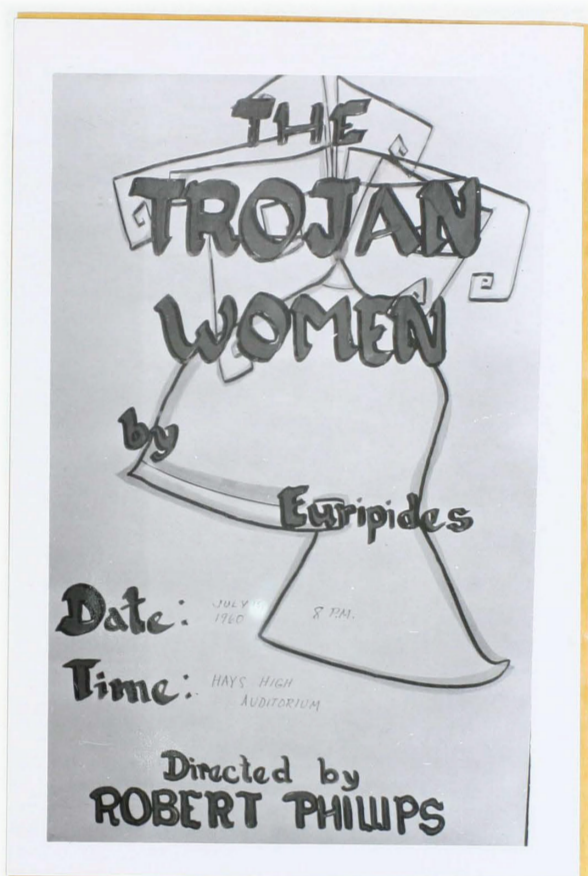
Members of the cast are Poseidon, Phillips, Athene, Mrs. Rex Pearson, Ellis; Hecuba, Beth Fellers, Hays; Talthebius, Garnis Hagen, Ellis; Cassandra, Judy Grimm, Jewell; Andromache, Judy Braswell, Otis; Astyanax, Bobbie Gurtler, Ellis; Menelaus, Rex Mahan, Belleville; Helen, Carol Brown, Hoisington, and the chorus: Patricia Young, Alexander, and Nancy Bray, Billie Lee Allen and Susan Scott, all of Ellis.

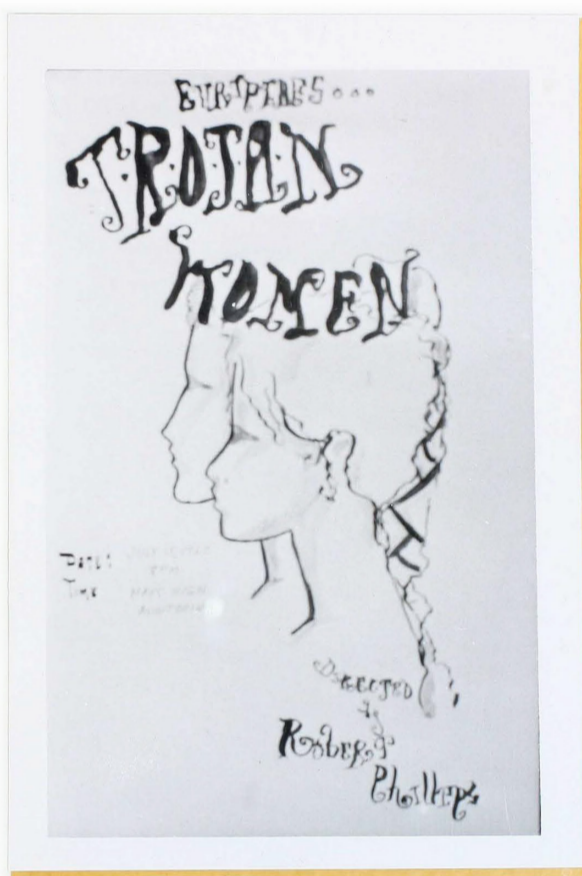


Beth Fellers, as Hecuba, in "The Trojan Women."

D. PHOTOGRAPHS OF POSTERS







# THE TROJAN WOMEN

by  
EURIPIDES

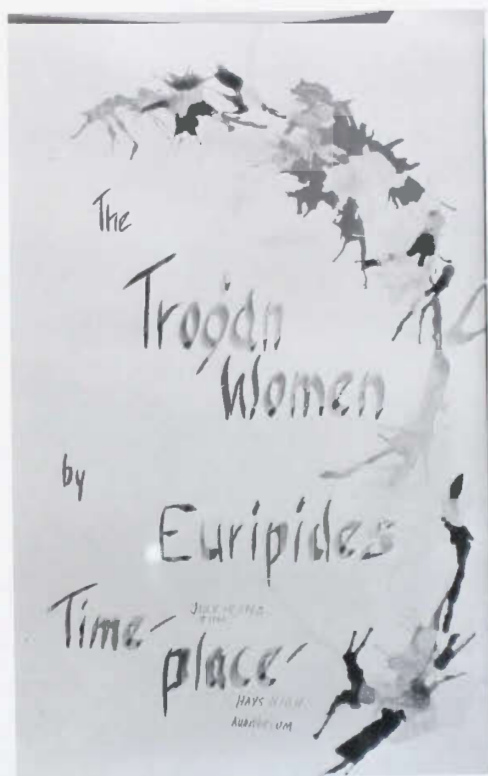


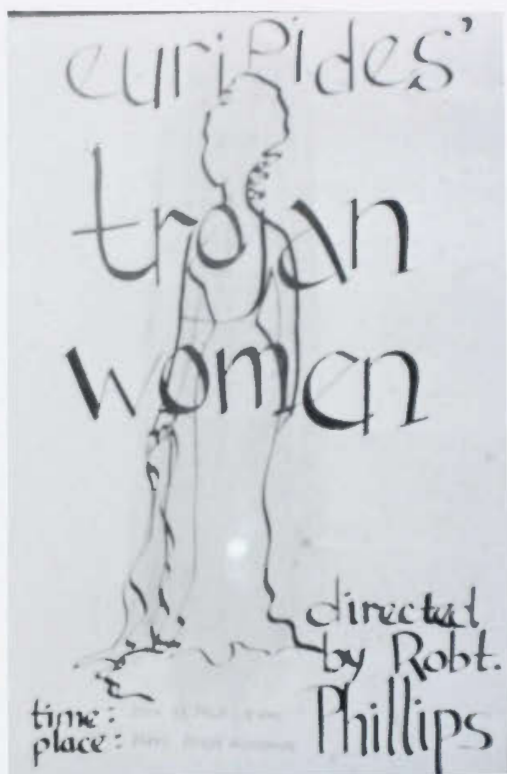
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DIRECTED BY  
ROBERT PHILLIPS









E. THE PROGRAM

Fort Hays State College  
Speech Department  
presents

# The Trojan Women

by Euripides

Hays High School Auditorium  
8 p.m., July 15, 1960



## SCENE

The action takes place shortly after the capture of Troy. All Trojan men have been killed, or have fled; all women and children are captives. The scene is an open space before the city, which is partly demolished and smoldering. Against the walls are crude huts which temporarily house the captive women.

This selection of "The Trojan Women" by Euripides is adapted from the translation by Richard Lattimore of Bryn Mawr College and the University of Chicago.

## CHARACTERS

Poseidon, God of the Sea . . . . .	Robert Phillips
Athene, Goddess of Wisdom . . . . .	Mrs. Rex Pearson
Hecuba, Queen of Troy . . . . .	Beth Fellers
Talthaybius, a Greek officer . . . . .	Garnis Hagen
Cassandra, daughter of Hecuba . . . . .	Judy Grimm
Andromache, wife of Hector . . . . .	Judy Braswell
Astyanax, son of Andromache . . . . .	Bobbie Gurtler
Menelaus, King of Sparta . . . . .	Rex Mahan
Helen, wife of Menelaus . . . . .	Carole Brown
Chorus . . . . .	Nancy Bray Patricia Young Billie Lee Allen Susan Scott

DIRECTOR -- Robert Phillips

Setting -- Rex Mahan and Lynn Wickizer

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The director wishes to acknowledge all the outside help received by him during the preparation of this production. The spirit of co-operation was an inspiration found only in an area where a sincere desire to study the classic theater is found.

Special thanks are given to Miss Harriet Ketchum, assistant professor of speech and drama at Fort Hays State College, for her kind assistance and understanding during this production. ✓